JOHN BULL, AUGUST 18, 1928

Vol. XLIV. No. 1157.

JOHN BULL

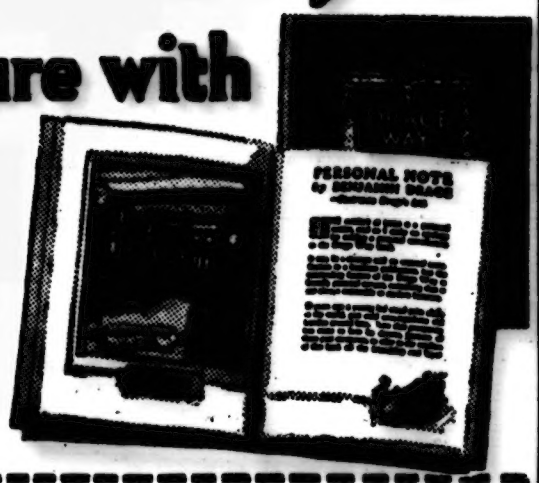
TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

WRITE FOR THE FREE BOOK OF the DRAGE WAY

Mr. EVERYMAN

'What's your 50 pay-way for furniture with No Deposit Mr. Drage?'



Mr. Drage: Just divide the amount of your order by 50 and you get the first payment and the monthly payments afterwards.

Mr. Everyman: So as my order comes to £100 I divide by 50 and so I only pay you £2 now and £2 per month after delivery.

Mr. Drage: That's a bargain. Now we'll deliver all the furniture on Wednesday. And we want no references, make no extra charges and you'll get the Drage 'Keep what you have paid for Protection' and a Free Fire and Life Policy.

OPEN 9 to 6.30 CLOSE THURSDAYS AT 1 O'CLOCK

DRAGES

(DRAGES LIMITED)

HIGH HOLBORN · LONDON · WC1

NEXT HOLBORN TUBE STN. 'PHONE: HOLBORN 3655

OPEN ON SATURDAYS UNTIL 6.30 P.M

COUPON Please send me free and post free the new Drage Book and full particulars of your 50 pay-way 'No Deposit' system for approved accounts.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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Cut out and post in unsealed envelope with ½d stamp to Drages Limited, 230, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

J.B. 18.8.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

SICKNESS

50 MORE £5-5-0 CHEQUES

for Registered Readers

"John Bull" has also paid this week many cheques on account of Fire, Accident, etc.

£5 : 5 ABERBEG, MON.—Mr. JACK POW, 9, Brynawel Ter.; Mr. H. LOVELL, 8, Coronation Ter.

£5 : 5 ANNFIELD PLAIN, Co. DURHAM.—Mr. THOMAS W. BELL, 6, Weardale Terrace.

£5 : 5 BARNSBURY, N.1.—Mr. W. NEWBY, 1, Offord Road.

£5 : 5 BEAUFORT, MON.—Mr. A. OWENS, 10, Williams Row.

£5 : 5 BISHOP'S STORTFORD.—Mrs A. BROWN, 27, Sidney Terrace.

£5 : 5 BISHOP CAUNDLE, SHERBORNE.—Mr. E. C. BAKER, 519, Holt Lane.

£5 : 5 BLACKWELL, DERBY.—Mr. R. STORER, 40, Council Houses; Mr. T. W. FRETWELL, 221, Primrose Hill.

£5 : 5 BLACKMOOR, HANTS.—Mr. H. A. H. BARONS, 1, Fir Cot.

£5 : 5 BRAINTREE.—Mrs. F BOREHAM, 171, Rayne Road.

£5 : 5 BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—Mr. T. J. SCARFE, The Green.

£5 : 5 CINDERFORD.—Mr. ALBERT YOUNG, Foundry Lane.

£5 : 5 DUMBARTON.—Mrs. S. SAVAGE, 17, Burns Street, Dalmuir.

£5 : 5 DEDDINGTON, OXON.—Mrs. C. AUSTIN, High Street.

£5 : 5 DORCHESTER. — Mrs. B. BARTLETT, 24, King Street.

£5 : 5 HALESWORTH, SUFFOLK. —Mr. W. G. STONE, Brampton Street.

£5 : 5 HORNCASTLE.—Mrs. G. WADDINGHAM, 81, East Street.

£5 : 5 HENLEY-ON-THAMES. — Mr. F. BISHOP, "Kingswood Cottages," Kingwood.

£5 : 5 LARKHALL. — Mr. JOHN STEWART, Walker's Buildings, Muir Street.

£5 : 5 LOCHINVAR. — Mr. K. McLEOD, Aultnabrain East.

£5 : 5 LOWER BROUGHTON.—Mrs. R. R. Sumon, 14, Olive St.

£5 : 5 MARKHAMS, MON.—Mrs. M. SISLEY, 62, Aberuant Road.

£5 : 5 MILLFIELD, SUNDERLAND. —Mrs. J. CAMSEY, 3, Scurlev St.

£5 : 5 MILNSBRIDGE, HUDDERSFIELD.—Mr. W. HAWKSWORTH, 73, Scarwood Terrace.

£5 : 5 MURSLEY, BUCKS.—Mr. E. DICKENS, The Lane.

£5 : 5 NEWCASTLE. — Mr. G. T. PEEK, 142, Westmorland Rd.; Mrs. M. A. THOMPSON, 22, Cullercoats Street.

£5 : 5 NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. MABEL WHALLEY, 43A, Bailey Street, Old Basford.

£5 : 5 PENTRE.—Mrs. S. JONES, 76, Gelli Road.

£5 : 5 RADFORD, NOTTS.—Mr. S. TOMLINSON, 25, Stansfield St.

£5 : 5 ROMFORD.—Mrs. L. ROGERS, 71, Market Place.

£5 : 5 SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. J. CRAGHANS, 44, Princes Street; Mr. F. WILSON, 41, Hyde Street; Mr. G. ANDERSON, 73, Bycthorne Street.

£5 : 5 SOMERCOATES.—Mr. [illegible] THOMPSON, 5, George [illegible]

£5 : 5 STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Mr. G. PRATT, Council Cottages.

£5 : 5 STRICHEN, ABERDEENSHIRE.—Mrs. J. LIND, 5, Smithy Lane.

£5 : 5 SWALWELL, Co. DURHAM.—Mr. J. ARMSTRONG, Keppel Court.

£5 : 5 TIDWORTH.—Mr. G. R. LOVELOCK, 723, Ordnance Road.

£5 : 5 TOTTENHAM.—Mrs. E. A. PAGE, 25, Cavell Road.

£5 : 5 TYNE DOCK.—Mr. F. BINGHAM, 24, Double Row.

£5 : 5 WALSALL.—Mrs. A. [illegible] 44, Brockhurst Street.

£5 : 5 WATERBEACH, CAMBS.—Mr. C. MAXWELL, Rose, High Street.

£5 : 5 WEST WYCOMBE.—Mr. R. G. WHITE, "Guillemont," Desborough Lane.

£5 : 5 WEST BOWLING, BRADFORD.—Mr. JAS. [illegible] Newby Street.

£5 : 5 WESTBURY.—Mr. D. Wilson, 32, Chapmanslade.

£5 : 5 WESTON, SOUTH SHIELDS. —Mr. A. ROBERTSON, Sea, Berham Laundry.

£5 : 5 WEST HUMBERSTONE, LEICESTER.—Mrs. E. KEEPER, 4, Eastbourne Road.

£5 : 5 WEST CORNFORTH, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. S. [illegible] 19, Bakerlaw Road.

CUT HERE.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL,"
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

1½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

CUT HERE.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—JB. In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final—ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 30.

"Bullets" 5 Guinea Winners (Continued from page 31)

J. IRONSIDE, 98, Moundfield Road, London, N.16.
SUNBURNT—HIS FACE—HER BODY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

F. KNIGHT, 310, New Hey Road, Huddersfield.
FOR A CHANGE—JADED DANCER, *Seaside* BALLROOM.

A. MALCOLM, 46, Greenbank Road, Darlington.
MODERN COLUMBUS—SCIENTIST—OFTEN LACKING "BOAT."

P. PHELPS, 3, Alexandra Crescent, Barry, Glam.
BRIDERY—EXTREMIST TERMS WAGE INCREASE.

W. SMITH, 63, Rowans Lane, Swinton, Yorks.
THE MYSTERY IS—DORA *Isn't* "DISAPPEARING WOMAN."

C. STEPHENSON, 78, City Road, Bradford, Yorks.
BEAUTY COMPETITION—WHEN *Eves* FALL OUT.

20 Prizes of 2 Guineas:

T. AMERY, 320, Evelyn St., Deptford.
J. Buchanan, 96, Friarscourt Ave., Glasgow.
T. R. Burns, Main St., Newton Grange, Midlothian.
Miss S. M. Clark, 16, Kings Rd., Doncaster.
J. Clark, 3, Ingatestone Rd., Wanstead, E.
E. Davies, 30, Caerleon Rd., Newport, Mon.
J. P. Doig, 29, Devonshire Sq., Portsmouth.
W. W. Ellis, "Fremoy," Wick Rd., Devizes.
Mrs. B. Evans, Jasmine Cott., Thurlow Lane, Cranford.
E. C. Fry, 5, Longhurst Gdns., Finchley, N.
A. Gleanson, 7, St. Luke's Rd., Bristol.
Mrs. Gordon, 22, Runnymede Rd., Hall Green, B'ham.
H. Paling, 7, Battle Terr., Cwmbran, Mon.
J. J. Prince, 9, Rosedale St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
F. C. Spalding, 119, St. Peter's St., Sth. Croydon.
C. Terrell, The Wilderness, Par, Cornwall.
A. E. Warren, Garden Hill Cott., Steep.
J. Warwick, 6, West Ave., Harton, S. Shields.
G. Willis, 140, Dames Rd., Forest Gate.
Mrs. F. Wyatt, 93, Clarendon Rd., W.11.

100 Prizes of Half-a-Guinea:

(Addresses abbreviated owing to pressure on space.)

A. Archer, Nottingham; F. Bailey, Hr. Baxenden; F. Bayley, Tottenham, N.; Mrs. Booth, Hull; F. Booton, Nuneaton; J. Bradgate, London, N.W.; Miss D. Bridgen, Burnley; A. Broadbent, Loughborough; J. S. Burgess, Bristol; Mrs. C. Byrne, Bootle; R. Cameron, Glasgow; Miss M. Carlton, Hackney, E.; H. Chantry, Rotherham; Mrs. M. A. Chapman, Manchester; B. Close, Peterborough; F. E. Cole, Lewisham, S.E.; J. Cooper, Billingshurst; C. Cubbon, Failsworth; E. Davidson, Beverley; E. Deacon, Grantham; G. T. Denyer, Suncator; J. A. Dunstall, Eastbourne; Mrs. R. E. Duttor, Chester; L. Eamer, Deptford, S.E.; F. Ebdon, Battersea, S.W.; Mrs. Ellis, Ipswich; H. Fleming, Bathgate; S. Fraser, Portobello, N.B.; Miss H. Griffiths, Busby; P. Haley, Maryport; C. F. Halford, Gloucester; F. O. Hall, Islington, N.; A. Haslam, Nottingham; A. Hawthorn, East Ham, E.; E. J. Hay, Edinburgh; F. C. Hector, Tottenham; Mrs. A. Hill, Dudley; Mrs. B. Horsey, Guildford; Mrs. L. E. Horwood, Birmingham; E. Jones, Mansfield; E. A. Leach, Salisbury; Mrs. Lennie, Aberdeen; B. Lewis, Treharris; F. Lewis, Shuttington; A. Lofthouse, Thirsk; A. P. Mawson, Finchley, N.; P. McLean, Dublin; Mrs. A. M. Millie, Edinburgh; Mrs. L. Morgan, Cymmer, Porth; W. Monaghan, Birtley; J. Morrish, Bristol; Miss F. Moys, Lowestoft; Mrs. K. O'Brien, Llandeonvarna; W. R. Offer, Melksham; S. J. Owen, Ashford; H. E. Parker; Huddersfield; A. L. Parkins, Brixton Hill, S.W.; S. C. Pearce, Tollesbury; E. R. Peters, New Malden; W. Porter, Aintree; Mrs. C. Preece, Pontypridd; D. Priestley, Almondbury, Yorks.; C. Ratcliffe, Stoke-on-Trent; A. Rice, Glasgow; Mrs. E. Richards, Long Rock; Mrs. N. Richardson, Portsmouth; C. Richetts, Cookham Rise; W. L. Robinson, Oxford; Mrs. M. Romans, Elmore; Mrs. Rushen, Frinton-on-Sea; F. T. Sadler, Hartshill; Mrs. E. Segare, Bramhope; W. H. Sentance, Plymouth; G. Shenton, Walsall; F. W. Smith, Poplar, E.; G. Snelson, Erdington; Miss L. Stead, Norden; Mrs. V. Steel, Glasgow; G. H. Stephens, Eastney; A. Taylor, Crossens; W. Thorley, Swanwick; Mrs. Twitchett, Weston-super-Mare; A. W. Vincent, Colchester; J. Wall, Yaxley hut; W. T. Wall, Charlton Lane, S.E.; Mrs. E. Wallis, Bolney; I. Walters, Blackpool; W. Weaver, Willesden, N.W.; Mrs. G. Webber, Newbury; G. J. West, Bishopsworth; L. West, Stonehaven; P. E. West, Redhill; C. M. Weston, Bristol; A. Whittier, Lambeth, S.W.; Miss E. Williams, St. Helens; E. A. Woolcock, Southport; J. Woollen, St. Helens; J. Yates, Darwen; Miss E. Young, Thornhill, N.B.; W. Young, Aberdeen.

A Complete List of 100 Half-Guinea and 500 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

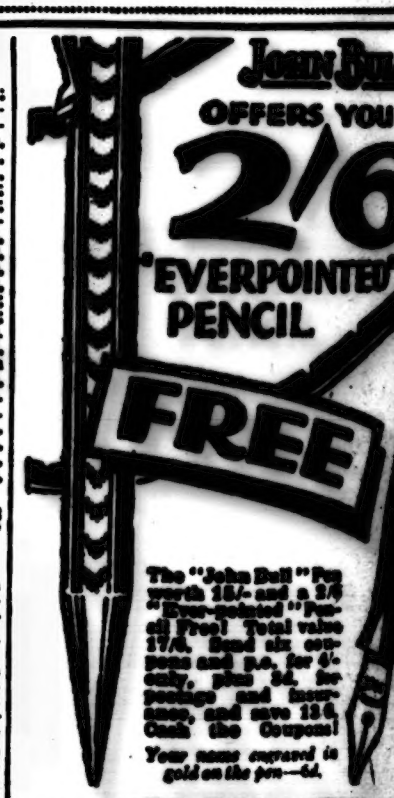
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible.

ADVANCE EXAMPLES FOR COMPETITION No. 627. OUR LAWS—WINNING HER HEART—WHY AMERICA'S WEALTHY—INDISPENSABLE—MY FRIENDS—FIRST IN THE QUEUE—AT HEAVEN'S GATES—TALKING PICTURES—AFTER ALL THESE YEARS—WONDERFUL WOMAN—"HAD A GOOD TIME?"—STEP IN THE DARK—OVERWHELMING—THE HARDEST—HER LAND—CHIVALRY—IN THE LABORATORY—NOT WORTH WORRYING ABOUT—BIGGER—IS PEACE A CERTAINTY?



The "John Bull" Pen worth 10/- and a 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil Free! Total value 17/6. Send six coupons and p.o. for 6/- only, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, and save 12/6. Cash the Coupons!

Your name engraved in gold on the pen—6d.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 6/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ARE DAVE, may be used for "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and pay for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 2d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheques/p.o. "A Co." payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib.—JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE IN the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Silk Remnants, Fents, Readymades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME By selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List Free.—Chew, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Sugg, 65, Broadcloth, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. (Wholesale only.)—Levy Bros., Dept. B., 29, Bloomfield, E.1.

200 LINES in money-making Bargains, Fents, Hosiery, Overalls, etc. No rubbish. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for new price list.—Southwell, Dalif x Road, Tottenham.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free. —Credit Guild Co., Dept. 11, Bir-hall, Leeds.

EARN £3 WEEKLY and Bonus. Run Boots and Drapery Clubs amongst friends. No outlay.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, Leeds.

XMAS Choc. & Jwlry. Club. Agents wanted. Spare time. From 10/- in £ comm. Terry's, Cadbury's, etc. Parties free.—Lavell's Popular Club, 131, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.

10/6 IN £ CASH Commission. Xmas, Variety Clubs. Astounding Terms. Gold Watches Given. Agents Wanted. — DENNIS & CO. (Dept. J.), COLNE.

XMAS Chocolate and Cigarette Clubs. Spare time Agents wanted. Fry's, Rowntree's, Cadbury's, etc. Excellent Com. No outlay. Parties free.—Samuel Baker, South Market, Leeds.

ACTIVE Agents wanted (either sex) to sell Private Xmas Cards. Experience not essential. Highest Com. Valuable Prizes. Free Sample Book. Apply, Denton & Co. (Dept. D.18), Accrington.

XMAS CLUBS. Agents wanted. All pop. Choes., Fancy Goods, Toys. Every Agent gets splendid FREE GIFT. Big cash commission. Beautiful cat. free.—F. J. Tate, 169, Briggate, Leeds.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Leading Makes Choes., Cigs., Toys, Jewellery. Largest cash com. Cat free.—MORRIS BROS., 1, Clifton Street, Bradford. Handsome Leather-backed Diary free to all Agents. Britain's largest Club Specialists.

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS WANTED.—We will send you the fullest particulars free of the best way to turn this into a big success. YOU CAN EARN £5 PER WEEK.—Dept. 25, City Works, 26, Blackfriars Street, Manchester.

WHISKY XMAS CLUB Free Catalogue. Choes. (Terry's, Cadbury's, Rowntree's, etc.). Toys, Cigs. Bottle of Wine to Agents who reply.—Lovell Road Stores, Leeds. Estab. 30 years.

AGENTS, give your Customers free Samples. Our Expense. Choc. (Terry's, Cadbury's), Cigs., Toys. Astound. Comm.—Holbrand, Westgate, Bradford.

AGENTS wtd., Xmas Choc. & Cigarette Club. All Best Makes. Highest Cash Com. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogues Free.—"Chocolate Box," Dept. B., Land's Lane, Leeds.

£3 WEEKLY easily earned by selling the Renowned "Mascot" Christmas Cards, Calendars & Novelties. Album that positively talks money supplied free. Huge commissions. Write to-day.—Thos. Holbrick & Co., Preston.

CHOCOLATE, Cigarette Clubs. Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fry's, Terry's, etc. Agts. Wtd. Good terms. Plus lists. No Substitutes.—Write, Mather's (Dept. J.), 192, Chorley Old Rd., Bolton, Lancs.

CHOC. CLUB Agents wanted. Cash com. All agents splendid free gift. Cat. free.—The Yorkshire Co. (J.B.), Ward Green, nr. Barnsley.

£10 Easily Earned. Highest Comm. Rowntree's, Cadbury's, Fry's. Everything found.—Dinam Chocolate Clubs, East Laith Gate, Doncaster.

AGENTS WTD.—Make Money selling Famous CASTLE series Xmas Cards, Calendars. Sample Book of charming designs & novelties supplied FREE. Unequalled Com. Valuable Prizes.—Apply, Castle Publishing Co., 25, Anchor Ct., Preston.

WANTED, Christmas Card Agents for the renowned "Snowbell" series. Book of Exquisite Art, Lucky Cat, Silhouette and Novelty Calendars and Cards free. £3 weekly easily earned. —Minster Pre s, Preston.

11/6 in £ CASH COMMISSION. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Household Goods. Special terms Terry's, Rowntree's. CASH PRIZES. FREE PRESENTS. Art Catalogue and Booklet, "SELLING MADE EASY," free.—ASSOCIATED CONFECTIONERS (92), SHIPLEY.

11/6 IN £ CASH COMMISSION. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Novelties. Lady EARNED £50 LAST SEASON. CASH PRIZES. FREE PRESENTS. Special Terms, Terry's, Rowntree's Selling Outfit and Catalogue Free.—MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY CO. (B.43), SHIPLEY.

XMAS CHOCOLATE, CIGARETTE CLUBS. —Two Free Gifts, Cash Comm. Agents wtd.—STANTON, Dept. 3, Fair Rd., Wibsey, Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED, either sex. GREAT MONEY-MAKING opportunity. Wonderful new series of Private Xmas Cards, Calendars, etc., free. The very latest Novelties. Obtain this SUPER ATTRACTION Sample Book and increase your business 50 per cent. Enterprising Agents supplied immediately.—Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 112, Imperial Works, Lancaster.

A BALMORAL BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, PHOTOGRAVURES, JEWELLED & PICTURE CARDS. BOOKS FREE. HIGHEST COMMISSION & PRIZES. WRITE NOW TO STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

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Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 27s.

RESIDENT Sole Paying Agent wanted. Article has big appeal. Every woman a customer. Quick seller. Good profits. Limited capital only required. Big opportunity for house-to-house trade. Territory will be confined to Agent appointed.—Reply to Box 564, T. C. Bench, Ltd., 5, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.

AGENTS.—£10 easily earned. Xmas Choc., Cig. Clubs. Highest cash comm. Catalogue, lists free.—Enterprise, Vaughan Street, Bradford.

PRIVATE GREETING CARDS. — Largest manufacturers require agents; free sample book; delightful novelties. Calendars, Real Feather Bird, New Feature in Cut-out Velour designs; Black Cats and Dogs with glass eyes; detachable sprays of flowers; Notepapers, Celluloid Pocket Calendar; Blotter; Greeting Cards for every taste. Most extraordinary book ever published. Enormous profits. Prizes for all.—All-British Christmas Card Co., Dept. 69, Blackburn.

DO YOU want to make Money? Agents Wanted. Highest commission.—Redcliff National Chocolate and Cigarette Club, High St., Bristol.

A BEAUTIFUL Book of Private Christmas Cards SUPPLIED FREE to Enterprising Agents. Magnificent selection of Photogravure Cards, Calendars, etc. Secure this wonderful order-getting Book and make money.—Apply, Treble, 531, Cheapside, Preston.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (no charge introductions). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The R.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years). Head Offices, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your Work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, Ldn.

WANTED for Canadian farms immediately 100 boys, 14 to 17. With or without farm experience. Free passage. Good home and work guaranteed.—Write or call, O/S Dept., Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

MEN.—A few men will be accepted to train for employment as trade and private drivers. Small fee. Licensed L.C.C.—MOTOR DRIVERS' UNION, 39, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

50% MORE Zam-Buk FOR THE SAME PRICE

OVER 25 years research and successful cure of skin disease are to the credit of Zam-Buk. The world-wide demand for this famous herbal balm has brought down the cost of its production, so that to-day the public can buy new packages containing 50% more Zam-Buk than the old sizes for the same money. *There is 7½d. worth more Zam-Buk in the larger new 1/3 size, and 1/6 worth more in the new 3/- size.*

NOTE. These new sizes will be especially appreciated by those using Zam-Buk for chronic ailments which call for more liberal applications—such as eczema, ulcers, psoriasis, poisoned sores, piles, ringworm, etc. The new 3/- size contains over three times the 1/3 size, 6/- box nearly seven times the 1/3.

Ask Your Chemist For The Larger Box

AGENTS WANTED to form Xmas Wine Clubs. Good commission. Particulars free.—Dept. 2, ACME BOTTLING CO., LD., Macaulay St., Leeds.

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"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one, with fine prospects." This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you by post in your spare time? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to leave a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big profession of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day. —The Wallace Attwood College, 287, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7836.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—G. B. M. Co., Dept. 193, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MEN OF ABILITY should consider the remuneration and prospects which a career as a Travelling Representative offers them. You see life and become a man of the world. Call, write or 'phone for FREE book, "Happiness and Prosperity."—British School of Selling (Salesmanship, Ltd.), 56, Kingsway, W.C.2. 'Phone: Holborn 0904/0905.

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START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Lavaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

"THE EXCHANGE AND MART" wants every reader of *John Bull* to send for a free specimen copy. "The Exchange and Mart," containing thousands of wonderful bargains offered for sale privately. 2d. every Thursday at all newsagents! Send p.c. now for your free copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 83, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 33/6. Badged ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Hotels, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Estbs. guarnt'd. Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1½ lb. Odd lots. Special value Navy yarn 3/10 lb. post free. Patts. of serges, tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnett's W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

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KNITTING WOOLS, Hand or Machine. Buy Direct. Enormous Savings, 12 cm. Rug, 1/- lb., Chenilles Round, etc., 10½d. lb. 600 patterns Free.—Border Wools Co., 160, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

FREE GIFTS of Jazz Sets to *John Bull* readers. Read the special advertising offer of Messrs. F. Hand & Co. in the "Mail Order Market" on page 22.

FREE.—A coupon appears on the Front Cover of this issue which, if completed, will bring the new DRAGE catalogue and full particulars of their "No Deposit" system for approved accounts.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

PLUMS direct from Grower. Prices, including railway carriage (passenger train): Pershore Egg Plums, excellent for cooking or jam, 12 lb. 4/9, 24 lb. 9/-, 48 lb. 17/- (ready mostAug. 10-20). Victoria Plums, good quality, 12 lb. 8/-, 24 lb. 15/-, 48 lb. 28/- (ready about Aug. 20-30). Damsons, 12 lb. 9/6, 24 lb. 18/-, 48 lb. 35/- (ready early Sept.). Cash with order.—R. R. Swift, Longdon Hill Fruit Farm, Evesham, Worcestershire.

DRESS.

BABY'S Unequalled 85-piece Layette, 29/6. Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Mat. Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins. Genuine bargain. First in quality. Send 2/- for pcl. approx. —Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

GETTING MARRIED? Wedding Dresses from one guinea! Send for free illustrated catalogue and be entranced by the beauty and variety of our Wedding Gowns. We are the actual makers and Fashion Leaders, famous for low prices.—The "Brilliant," 16, Smallbrook St., Birmingham.

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MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free. Palmer's, 135, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

READERS interested in Gramophones should turn to page 24 and study the advertisement of the Gramophone Critic.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

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BLADDER WEAKNESS and Kidney trouble mastered at last. Thousands cured by PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY. 3/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or post free from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Sample, 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of self-consciousness sent privately for 2d.—Henry Rivers (J.B. 48), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

PILES. Why suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home, save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemists (Dept. 1), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

A free Sample of Dr. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGES is offered by Messrs. Savory & Moore, Ltd., in their advt. on page 23. Send NOW and be sure to mention *John Bull*.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

TYRES & ACCESSORIES. Wkly. payments. All makes. Brand New Tyres, Accessories or Spares. Deposits from 5/-. No enquiries. Below

GOOD reliable Tyres, rolled or slightly used. All sizes. 700 x 80 to 935 x 135, £1 each. Carriage paid. Approval against cash.—London Car Co., 52, Theobalds Road, W.C.1.

SECOND-HAND Motor Tyres from 5/- to 35/-, guaranteed 5,000 miles, list free.—Imperial Rubber Co., Cambridge Terrace, Chapeltown Road, LEEDS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE.—Post the coupon appearing in the COLGATE'S advt. on page 18 to receive a free sample of COLGATE'S RAPID SHAVING CREAM.

This is the third pair Jack's saved for — just think of it!

"Three Queens"

NON-LADDER STOCKINGS

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"Get *your* men friends to smoke Black Cat and smoke them yourself, too. There's none to touch Black Cat Cigarettes for a cool enjoyable smoke and all-round quality and value. Then ask your friends to save their coupons and you'll get a pair of these fine stockings in next to no time!"

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State shade and size preferred.

To the BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.
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12, Bath Street, City Road, London, E.C.1.
Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

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Address.....

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ONLY ONE OF THESE SIGNED COUPONS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Easily Pleased.

"The end of a session of real progress" is how some Parliamentarians describe the recent dispersal for holidays. We would like to compel them to take theirs in the coalfields!

A Sort of Peace.

The Cabinet crisis on Protection is postponed until the autumn—perhaps! But it is only a truce. Meanwhile the rivals will certainly try to steal a march on one another.

Equivocation.

Mr. Baldwin's announcement that "no industry will be barred from presenting its case for Protection" is another way of admitting "We would if we dare." The whole hog or none is the question for electors.

Whew!

In six trades which enjoyed a safeguarding duty, exports were 11.2 per cent. less in 1927 than in 1924, the year before any such duties were imposed. Only brains gone woolly would clamour for "tariffs on everything" in face of the facts.

Another Plot?

"What is the Foreign Office plotting now?" John Bull asked last week. What the Paris Press is saying about the new Anglo-French Agreement makes this a vital and terribly urgent question.

Smells of Danger.

A pooling of the British and French fleets, a free hand for France in the creation of trained military reserves on land—that is the way Paris reads the Agreement. These alone spell danger.

Fettered in Secret.

Beyond the agreement text communicated to America the Paris Press more than hints at a secret understanding which is not to be divulged. In effect, they have been "chortling" over Britain being now securely harnessed to the French war chariot.

Silent F.O.

It may turn out that the French Press has again bragged overmuch of having Britain tied up. That has happened before in recent years. But nothing can excuse the silence of our own Foreign Office while mischief is afoot.

No Secrets.

The least obligation upon the Foreign Office is to publish the Agreement and either admit or deny explicitly the existence of a secret understanding. No secret understandings such as preceded the catastrophic massacre of the Great War will again be tolerated by the people of Britain.

A Great Man.

We hear a lot of China's "war-lords," but little of her educationists, though she has them. Dr. Yen, seeing education as the only real salvation of any country, is simplifying it to reach China's teeming millions.

Ignorance is Dirt.

Education on right lines is the only sure preservative of world peace. Empty brains rely on gunpowder. Others believe in creation, not destruction.

Blood Poisoning.

Danger, say medical experts, looms ahead from the awful battlefields of Flanders, insects on the wing from the Continent carrying deadly disease germs. Horrors of battle don't end when the guns cease.

Our Revolt.

A few employers are disturbed at our unflinching attack on child labour. We are unrepentant. Only those without pride like to think "the kiddies keep us."

Horrible.

That hundreds of boys between the ages of twelve and thirteen are engaged in mining and quarrying is shameful. Children of that age ought to be at lessons or else at play.

A Year Older.

Thousands of boys between fourteen and fifteen are working in mines and quarries. There shouldn't be one. There are strong men wanting the work who can't get it.

Illogical Absurdity.

The Official Committee on Education and Industry sees no subject for congratulation in the fact of "plenty of work" for children of fourteen and fifteen. It is aware of over one million of their fathers being unemployed.

Blunt Speech.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald hit the nail on the head when he told Canada "she wants nothing but the cream." We don't blame Canada; we blame the policy that seems designed to people this country only with derelicts.

John Bull

Important Notice to Registered Readers

HOLIDAYS! To remain qualified for the benefits offered under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that, before leaving for their holidays, they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull" immediately on their return, and that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away.

We Ha' Doubts.

Spectacular breakdown of the theatrical scheme to ship 10,000 men to Canadian harvest-fields was averted by promises of winter work. We'll wager the promises are richer than their fulfilment.

Plain Advice.

Men accepting the offer will be wise to go with wide-open eyes. They are being invited to join an army of seasonal workers whose only certainty is uncertainty at the end of the harvest.

H—ll!

Open drains, distributed over Hull like a network of waterways, form traps in which poor children often fall and are drowned. More power to the elbow of Labour members of the City Council attacking them.

Glowing Orchards.

Out of every hundred apples eaten in this country nineteen are grown in Canada and thirty-eight in the United States. We could grow more and eat more if we had the use of the land for orchard cultivation.

News from Geneva.

After the Swiss National Fête, Fribourg Arsenal was burnt down and £160,000 worth of war material was destroyed. The world can do without it.

Berlin Briskness.

In six months German savings-banks deposits have increased by £63,800,000 and unemployed people decreased by 900,000. A very pretty object-lesson for those who boast of "winning the war."

Promise v. Performance.

War medals glittered on rags when sandwich-men gathered in Trafalgar Square at a protest meeting. It is a case-hardened brain that can't see the difference between what they were promised on enlisting and what they are getting.

We Sympathise.

Again the "lives o' men" as the price of coal was illustrated when at Wharncliffe Woodmoor Colliery a two-ton stone fell on George William Howlett. The heart of the nation should go out to his miner father who helped to extricate the dead lad.

Human Folly.

Naval gunfire is breaking plate-glass shop windows, cracking ceilings and bringing down thousands of tons of cliff in the Isle of Wight. The peace-time menace of war.

Oh, these Workhouses!

In some workhouses a dozen or more casuals—dirty, tired and footsore—wash in the same water and wipe themselves on the same towel, sometimes sleeping with rats, mice and worse vermin on the floor. Are we really civilised?

JOHN BULL
WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Dismal Durham.

Unemployed in the Chester-le-Street area number 40,000. Since 1,200 children are bootless, infant mortality is rife and housing inadequate. The national conscience must be dead to allow such terrible things.

Too Many Children.

Of eleven children born of a woman and a crippled newsvendor, both at present in Huddersfield workhouse, four only have survived. This should give the vehement declaimers against birth-control something to think about.

Brute's Light Let-off.

Returning home drunk, William Brimble, of Newport, turned his four children naked into the street and struck his wife's head and ankle. One month's hard labour is too good for a brute who has no right either to be a husband or father.

Heroic Doctor.

With one eye punctured by a piece of glass and a head injured in a motor smash, Dr. Roberts, of Bristol, attended for half an hour to the wounds of his companions, until he collapsed. We honour him for living up nobly to the standard of a fine profession.

District Terror.

Having broken into a blind school and numerous private houses, Charles Hughes, a fitter, was sent at Newcastle to nine months' imprisonment. Surely a man who has alarmed a whole district needs keeping away from it for a much longer period.

Pit Gallantry.

"I will go for him, whatever it costs," were the last words of Thomas Kelsall Sephton, a colliery foreman, as he went to drag a comrade from a gas-filled area at the Newton Pit, Haydock. Let us pay him and his kind real tribute by enlisting science to combat such fatalities.

P.C.'s Holiday Job.

Dozens gave chase when a bathing-tent thief was sighted at Torre Abbey sands, but it was left to P.C. Herbert Johns, holiday making at Torquay, to leap a wall and capture him in a garage. No wonder he was congratulated by the justices for so shining an example of a busman's holiday.

Muddled Methods.

Mutilated steward's and secretary's books together with a deficit of £108, in the Sacriston ex-Service men's club, smacks strongly of bad management. Since George Gibson who withheld the sum has to repay it within three months or go to prison, it is time the organisers adopted more businesslike methods.

Fine Effort.

The Cambridge Housing Society, backed up by a corporation loan, is building homes with three bedrooms, bathroom, living-room and kitchen, with large garden, at 5s. 6d. rentals. Our compliments to a fine voluntary effort to accommodate the 1,300 families who cannot either get or afford a council house.

Heroic Boy.

Although paralysis has rendered his right arm useless, Norman Wallace, a sixteen-year-old boy, did not hesitate when on holiday to plunge into Fosdyke Wash and rescue a little girl from drowning. That his bodily health shall speedily recover to a strength as great as his spirit is the best that his many friends can wish him.

Craze to Correct.

Son of a well-to-do man, Ernest Smith, a nineteen-year-old youth of Ilford, has been fined £5 and costs at Preston. His hobby is to steal motor-cars, have a joy-ride or two, then abandon his loot. Fortunate to escape prison, Smith is unfortunate in escaping medical attention. He has a kink in his brain that needs straightening.

Woman on the Job.

When the Manchester City Council discussed the central hot-water supply, which is rarely hot and of the colour of mud, so far as the Gorton Housing Estate is concerned, Councillor Annie Lee moved that no charge should be made for the service until it was improved. Now perhaps something will be done!

Save the Mothers.

Eight applications for accommodation in the Deptford Borough Council's Maternity Home have had to be refused within the last few weeks. Prospective mothers have been advised to enter their names early for admission to this admirable institution. In this densely populated district extended facilities are urgently called for, a fact which we trust the Deptford Council will bear in mind.

When Justice Helps.

The kindly act of Detective-Sergeant Cory in obtaining work and clothing for a young man, and the promise of the Old Street Police Court magistrate to grant assistance if he is actually working, denote the helpful trend of modern justice. We would remind the offender, who has served a six months' sentence, that the proverb, "Heaven helps those who help themselves," still holds good, notwithstanding.

Preying on a Cripple.

It would be difficult to imagine any more cruel action than that of Robert Colley, of Chapel Lane, Hull, who tricked a crippled newsvendor out of 16s. on the strength of a confidence story to the effect that he was about to receive an advance of pay. When the offence was discovered the victim had to be wheeled to court in a bath-chair to give evidence. In view of the callous nature of his fraud Colley should consider himself lucky to have escaped with a month's imprisonment.

The Human Machine

YOU *CAN'T* HELP IT!

by *E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.*

I READ in the papers the other day of a woman who killed herself because she could not enjoy life.

She was not poor, she was not an outcast driven to it by despair. She was quite a rich woman, and could do pretty much what she liked.

Was it a real inability to enjoy life, or was it that she did not know how to enjoy life? I would hazard a guess that it was the latter.

"A man's best things are nearest him, lie close about his feet"—but a man must be able to see them and realise the truth of this simple statement.

So many look for their happiness anywhere except at their feet! So many think that to be happy they must be for ever engaged in a feverish search for excitement.

THEY cannot understand it when the search produces nothing but misery. Look at any "smart set," and see if I am not right! The members themselves would probably be the first to admit it!

Happiness, like charity, begins at home. It mainly depends on being satisfied with simple things, in finding pleasure in little homely things, and in being contented with what you have.

People are always unhappy if they spend their lives in wanting what they have not got.

Make the best of life, and you can't help enjoying it.

Judicial Puzzle.

Thrice welcome is Mr. Bingley's admission that no judge or magistrate knows what to do with Charles Plume, a seventy-year-old hawker, charged with theft on the top of forty convictions for larceny. The continual dropping of magisterial complaints may in time wear a new channel for our groovy prison system.

Fighting the Fumes.

The poisonous gases of a foul bilge compartment in H.M.S. *Warspite*, lying off Malta, were no bar to Lieut. Reginald Armitage, R.N., or Leading Seaman Dick Oliver. Both knowingly risked life to descend 20 ft. to save an unconscious stoker. The award of the Albert medal is a fitting tribute to two gallant sea rovers.

Certainly Like It.

"We want to work for the money we get," say Salford's unemployed men. But they protest against a scheme of the guardians under which some men have to work thirty hours for the equivalent of 7s.! That, they say, "borders on slavery." And, on reconsideration of their scheme, the guardians will probably agree with them.

Saucy "Thank You."

Having paid nothing and refusing to pay, John Miller, an Ibstock collier, completely had the laugh of the Bosworth magistrates, when with a bland "Thank you" he went off to prison for a month for a £2 arrears of wife's maintenance. Why these defaulters are not working under surveillance to support their families is a real mystery.

Hot-headed Folly.

We hope the fourteen youths who forfeited various sums due for wages for absenting themselves from the City Glass Bottle Company, Ltd., Canning Town, because a fellow-employee had been discharged for breaking several bottles on being found fault with, returned sadder and wiser to work. It is mere folly to be on the side of incompetence.

Memory.

Wearing the medals of their dead, two train-loads of women left Victoria Station, London, to visit the battlefields of Ypres. With whatever breaking hearts they looked on the last resting-places of their sons, one resolve was possible to be theirs. They could all vow "Never again!" for it is the women who have the real power to make that true.

Well Tried.

Good-will outstripped judgment when John Hurst, a steel-worker, fifty-six, plunged into the Workington Harbour weighted with heavy boots and trousers that precluded swimming to save a drowning boy. We are glad that both were rescued by a younger man, Frank Bateman. The world can always do with those whose hearts are in the right place.

Cure for Kiddies.

Dr. Charles Porter, Medical Officer of Health for Marylebone, reports remarkable changes for the better in the behaviour of naughty children undergoing sunlight treatment. "We had to keep it secret for fear of an influx of small patients suffering from 'wickedness'" is his testimony. Valuable, in teaching that sunless, airless slums destroy a child, both body and soul.

Bad for All.

We wish the leniency of the sentence of six months' modified Borstal treatment, passed on Brian Sutherland, an R.N.R. captain's son, for various thefts, might be extended to other youths with no relations of consequence to speak for them in court. If hard labour is bad for an ex-public school boy of twenty, it is bad for all. It should be impossible to make a convict of any lad under twenty-one and blight his career for ever.

Alter the Law!

Eleven years after his wife ran off and disappeared, Mr. William J. Ramsey, of Meadow Road, Merton, S.W., believing her dead, married again, but seventeen years later she turned up. Mr. Ramsey obtained a decree *nisi* to make his second union legal, but what heartache and worry will be saved when desertion becomes, as it should, a legitimate ground of divorce.

"Fed Up."

Many people will sympathise with the Leicester lad, who hated his job as a butcher's assistant. "I was not made for this job and am miserable as sin. I am going to some foreign country," ran a note he left to his father. He has disappeared, a reminder to the country that putting a round peg into a square hole does not make for efficiency. Guidance in choosing a career is needed.

Stark Tragedy.

Unable longer to bear the misery of unemployment, William Griffiths James Thomas, a Merthyr labourer, committed suicide, after writing instructions that his body should be sold to the Royal College of Surgeons for research work and the money handed to his landlady. His mind may have been mad, but it was not more mad than the industrial chaos making this class of tragedy a commonplace.

Bless their Hearts!

Hungry as are little children of drab streets for "fairyland in movies," what delight can equal theirs when a shadow heroine comes to life? In organising a treat for 1,000 poorest Kilburn kiddies, taking them into the country in charabancs and playing games with them, Miss Joan Lockton, the British stage and film star, is ensuring her own happiness, for in all cases joy is merely a reflected gift.

Self-killing.

That civilised humans destroy themselves by the smoke they allow to obscure the pure sun's rays over big cities is proved by the latest report on Atmospheric Pollution issued by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Smoke holds the deadliest chemicals, instead of allowing all impurities to disperse in clear air. This is the diagnosis, and common-sense should be equal to applying the remedy.

Death's Bitterness.

How one brother was forced to witness the other's prolonged grim struggle for life was told at the inquest at St. Helens on George Henry Moore, killed by a heavy fall of roof in the pit. All night long his eighteen-year-old brother John could see the doomed man's feet and hear his weakening call for rescuers. But, in spite of the superhuman efforts of the latter, Moore was dead when extricated. That's the true price of coal.

Fit Punishment.

John Connolly, tailor, of Ballybay, was sentenced at Monaghan Circuit Court to ten years' penal servitude for what the judge described as "an appalling crime" against girls of tender years. There were four indictments against him and it would appear that Judge Devitt has not erred in pronouncing such a heavy sentence. Judges in England might take a leaf out of his book; this type of crime deserves the stiffest punishment.

Found in the Thames.

Honest, conscientious, a good father, but unemployed, Michael William Ryan's heart broke under the strain when the woman he lived with frittered away his money on horse-racing, then left him penniless in the lurch with two children to provide for. The conscience of Lily Meachen, of Southchurch Avenue, Southend, the "mother" in question, must be made of cast-iron if it does not trouble her now that this decent fellow has been "found drowned" in the Thames.

Business Ability.

"Buying businesses" in various towns on various pretexts was the amusement of Claude Garrett, until a few pounds "change" from worthless cheques brought him up sharp against the Bury and Manchester police, at which latter place he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. The pity is that he must be kept so long at the public expense. Such rogues should be compelled to work until they repay what they steal.

Unbusinesslike Offer.

When a Bolton reader answered an advertisement calling for agents to sell hosiery she received a reply roughly scrawled upon the back of her letter of application! She was informed that the Frith Hosiery Dept., of 80a, Adelaide Street, Hull, still required a few agents, but was obliged to charge 5s. for samples as a protection against "curiosity mongers." It is surely unbusinesslike to expect all applicants to send 5s. if only a few vacancies exist.

More Phantom Photography.

Some months ago a Goole reader placed an order for a photographic enlargement with a representative of the Sepia Art Supply, whose address was given as 10, Linnaeus Street, Anlaby Road, Hull. Cash was paid in advance, but the finished photograph was not delivered as promised. Numerous letters were written without effect until one of recent date was returned by the postal authorities bearing the dismal inscription, "Gone away."

Mental Cases.

We have nothing but admiration for the Liverpool Recorder, who, with the trenchant remark, "It is ridiculous to send a man who is obviously a mental case to hard labour, and I shall not do it," gave sentence of one day's imprisonment to George Standish, labourer, fifteen times convicted since 1905 for exposure and similar offences. If only the mental treatment for such cases were available, the nail of justice could oftener be driven right home.

Guarding the Gates.

Ever since the level-crossing disaster at Naworth, Cumberland, two years ago, in which nine people lost their lives, two Carlisle railwaymen, M. Byrnes and E. Putnam, have been working on a device to prevent such calamities. Recently they patented mechanism which will automatically lock the gates on the approach of traffic, and also warn the public. The use of this invention—a real boon to the public—should be made compulsory.

Another Competition "Expert."

The latest competition "expert" to offer his services to would-be prize-winners calls himself "Adjudicator," and operates from Northwold, Beverley, Yorks. His printed matter, however, reveals the fact that he is our old friend W. Bloomfield in new guise! As Bloomfield's various activities in the past have been criticised in these columns, we should not advise readers to place too much faith in his present "guarantee" to win a first prize for each of his clients.

Generous Mr. Fox.

Mr. Frank Fox, of 35, Cannon Street, London, is one of those generous-hearted souls who go to the trouble of sending out printed circulars to strangers to tell them how to achieve wealth. Mr. Fox knows of an "absolute racing certainty," which he is anxious to pass on in return for a fee of five shillings. He boasts of past successes, but omits to explain why he is selling tips to strangers instead of sitting back in an easy-chair and letting his "absolute certainties" keep him in comfort!

* * *

If holidays have burst a hole in your pocket, let "Bullets" do the mending. £400 and hundreds of other cash prizes offered on page 31.

Problems of Life

Outliving Enmity

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A VERY pleasing informal function took place outside the House of Commons the other day. Lord Balfour was presented with a motor-car by members of all political Parties in recognition of his eightieth birthday.

Lord Balfour

The principal speech on behalf of the donors was made by the Labour leader, Mr. J. R. Clynes, who stated that Lord Balfour was held in honour by them all, and had no enemies.

The veteran statesman, in acknowledging the gracious tribute, said that he thanked God he had not one enemy in the world.

This is a great thing to be able to say with confidence. Few men can say as much, and for the most part those who can are but negligible personalities who excite no opposition.

LORD BALFOUR is not one of these. I can remember when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland in his uncle's Government, and was dubbed "Bloody Balfour" for his coercion policy.

No man ever wins the confidence of his fellows by shirking unpleasant duties or refraining from doing what others disapprove of. He may be hated at the moment, but he wins respect in the end, be his circle small or great.

English people like to know where to find a man. They despise shiftiness and trickery. Once convinced of a man's sincerity, disinterestedness and fidelity to principle, they will trust him, whether he possesses shining gifts or not.

Lord Balfour is a man of many gifts, but it is his character that has given him the place he holds in the judgment of his countrymen.

I remember being greatly struck by this during my visit to America in 1921. It will be recalled that Mr. Balfour, as he then was, had been the special British delegate sent over to represent us in Washington when the United States entered the war.

IN 1921, Americans were still talking of the profound impression he had produced. I asked one influential senator why it was.

"He is a great gentleman," was the answer—"a type that represents Britain at its best. We wish we had more of it on our side, too—dignified, courteous, but firm as a rock."

I call this a finer tribute than even that of Mr. Clynes. It was a revelation. The Americans did not admire some of the types we sent to them at that time—careless in manner and speech, and ready to accommodate themselves to anything. What won them was good breeding allied with strength.

The lesson is plain. It is moral integrity that wins every time.

Smart selfishness may gain you a present advantage, but in the long result you will get from your fellows just what you are worth, and no more.

BOGUS PARSON'S WICKED HOAX

A Miracle-Monger Unmasked

"Pastor" Stephen Jeffreys

A MAN may be prosecuted for obtaining money by false pretences, but if he garbs himself as a priest, announces himself as a great evangelist and divine healer, hires a big hall and holds a "mission," he can get away with the collections.

A few weeks ago the advance agent of "Pastor" Stephen Jeffreys arrived at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He engaged the St. James's Hall, which, in spite of its name, is a boxing-saloon, and advertised a great revival.

The slogan used on the posters advertising the mission was "The blind see—the deaf hear—the lame walk." It is a line that is a sure draw. The sun-ray quacks use it as well as the healers.

A local newspaper, however, refused to allow this slogan to appear in an advertisement offered to it.

It had heard of George Jeffreys, whom JOHN BULL had recently pilloried as a frenzied mountebank, and it thought brother Stephen might possibly fall in the same category.

Stephen Jeffreys does not appear to be a member of "The Four-square Gospel Churches of the British Isles Incorporated" founded by his brothers George and William, and is not recognised by them as a "pastor."

Public challenge

He is, nevertheless, just as big a mountebank as his brothers, and has just as much right as they to pose as an ordained minister, which is none at all.

At Newcastle, Stephen set to work to gull the public thoroughly, for a number of his assistants were arrayed in clerical garb as well as he.

The Rev. Stanley Parker, a Wesleyan minister in Newcastle, warned his congregation against Jeffreys, and publicly challenged him in letters to the Press to prove his claims that all kinds of diseases had been "divinely healed" by him.

Mr. Parker also asked Stephen how much money he made out of his healing missions.

He pointed out that Billy Sunday, the famous American evangelist, made a fortune of £10,000 out of preaching alone.

With the additional lure of "divine healing," Mr. Parker thought that Jeffreys might be doing very well indeed.

This attack aroused a storm of indignation among the "pastor's" followers. Mr. Parker was roundly denounced from the platform in St. James's Hall and in letters to the newspapers.

He was threatened with the judgment of Sodom and Gomorrah, while another letter described him as a second Judas and hinted that he ought to go and hang himself for having betrayed such a good man as "Pastor" Jeffreys.

The editor of the *North Mail*, the newspaper in which these letters appeared, was coupled with Mr. Parker in these denunciations.

Damned pretensions

A special investigator from this newspaper had attended Jeffreys' meetings, and his published reports fairly damned the "pastor's" pretensions. Dozens of cases of alleged cures were examined, but *not one was found to be genuine.*

Among other things, Jeffreys claims that many cases of cancer have been "divinely healed" by his laying-on of hands.

In addition to deaf mutes and paralytics, scores of sufferers with this dread disease crowded to his meetings seeking to be cured.

It was the cruelty of raising false hopes in the breasts of those so grievously afflicted that led the *North Mail* to challenge Jeffreys to produce one case where organic disease of any kind had been cured by him.

Jeffreys' answer was to flee the city. He left his helpers to carry on as best they could, the exhibitions of "laying on hands" came to an abrupt end and the "mission" fizzled out.

One of the serious results of these artificial religious revival meetings is that many of those who attend them find themselves in actually worse health a few days later when the emotion has subsided.

Claimed miracle

A new religion or a new "cure" attracts some people as surely as the gambler is drawn to the gaming table. To them an orgy of emotionalism is like opium to the drug fiend.

But there are others, sincerely religious people, who find it difficult to believe that a man who uses sacred names with eloquence, and who can pray with fervour, could possibly be a humbug.

These are they who pour out their money when the collecting-box goes round. They believe a great work for good is being done and are eager to help it on.

One of Stephen Jeffreys' followers is an Anglican minister, the Rev. J. W. Adams, vicar of Wall, Staffordshire. Mr. Adams claims that Jeffreys cured him of shell-shock in the Surrey Tabernacle, Walworth. He spends his holidays testifying to this miracle.

Frightening stories

The vicar's daughter, Miss Agnes Adams, has written a biography of Stephen Jeffreys. It was published recently and many copies were sold in Newcastle.

In this biography we learn that the "pastor" was born in 1876, in Maesteg, Glamorganshire. He was the son of a miner, the fourth child of a large family.

He worked in the pits from the age of twelve to twenty-eight, and married when he was twenty-three. He was converted at a religious revival and immediately began to preach.

The authoress recounts dozens of "miracles" and hints at enormous numbers of which no record has been kept, but in the cases she mentions the details are too vague for verification.

Miss Adams quotes stories told by the "pastor" at his meetings which, she says, are as frightening as that of Ananias and Sapphira.

In the face of some of these stories the allusion to Ananias is unhappy. Here is one about beer:

"One man, healed of a withered arm at Sunderland, went across the road to the Palatine to celebrate his recovery in beer. As he stretched out his hand to take the beer from the counter *the arm withered again and he could not take up the glass.*"

Embarrassing claims

Enquiries have been made in Sunderland, but this man with the withered arm cannot be found. Jeffreys has been asked publicly for his name and address, but it was not forthcoming.

Another story relates that sight was given to a blind baby, and the mother was so overcome with joy that she got drunk. When she recovered from her drunkenness she found her baby blind again.

The name and address in this case cannot be obtained.

The "pastor," according to Miss Adams, "carries the glory that we see in the eyes of happy lovers."

This biography is likely to prove seriously embarrassing to Jeffreys. The tall stories it contains are certain to be challenged wherever he goes. It is much harder to escape from the printed word than from the glibly spoken lie.

This man is an impudent impostor. The sick and the afflicted are his prey. He raises false hopes in the breasts of dying men and women, only to plunge them into despair.

We hope he will be driven out of every place into which he ventures, as he was driven out of Newcastle.

Moonshine *from Mars*

Guild *for the* Gullible

A PERSON known as Madam Astasia Astro, of the Guild of Occult Science, 39, Burton Road, S.W., undoubtedly finds the world full of people who are ready to afford her profitable amusement by permitting her to sell them a ready-made estimate of their characters.

"Madam Astro tells wonderful things," runs an advertisement, and all that Madam needs is a specimen of your handwriting, a stamped, addressed envelope and a postal-order for 1s.

Send her these and you will quickly discover that the stars have been remarkably busy on your behalf.

One reader, indeed, received a reply within twenty-four hours.

No fault of Madam

Madam, as chief cashier to the firmament, revealed the fact that the sign under which this reader was born was fiery, fixed and royal, thereby indicating an individuality that was powerful and profound.

He was further gratified to learn that he was kind-hearted and generous, and that, like Napoleon, who was born under the same sign, he was credited with the power to inspire others.

So, if this gentleman who purchased a shillingsworth of information from the stars fails to conquer half the world and then fight for the other half, it will be no fault of Madam Astro, but, presumably, because he neglected to select the Army as a career.

He should, however, be glad to hear that Ananias, the king of liars, is no friend of his.

The above may be taken as a fair sample of the rubbish retailed by Madam Astro to any who care to send her a postal-order in proportion to the amount of information they require.

Her replies are facsimile-typed and can be duplicated for a few shillings per hundred.

She offers a more detailed reading to those who send the date, month, year and time of birth, with a fee ranging from 2s. 6d. to one guinea.

A full reading, embracing all subjects and a specially advanced astrology reading, is offered for £2 2s.

Now, a poor old pedlar who invites you to cross her palm with silver is liable to be arrested and sentenced as a rogue and vagabond for professing to tell fortunes.

Free from arrest

But, apparently, those who take the precaution of registering a business name at Somerset House, can retail the mysterious messages they receive from the planets and live in peace. The police cannot arrest the stars.

At any rate, Madam Astro is the legally recognised business name of a Mrs. Dorothea Miller, who has been operating in this way for years.

It would be interesting to have the official view of her activities.

WEEPING WILLIE—*the ROGUE*

A Widower's "Winning Ways"

THREE weeks ago a Portsmouth lady, who makes her living by letting apartments, advertised in a local newspaper as she had done on numerous occasions before.

One of the first people to answer her advertisement was a well-dressed gentleman, who gave the name of Briggs, and who stated that he was in the employ of a world-famous multiple store, having, until recently, been in charge of that great firm's branch at Hammersmith.

He had just been summoned to headquarters, he confided, and had been fortunate enough to secure promotion.

He was, in fact, taking over charge of the Portsmouth branch, which, though smaller than the one he had just left, was looked upon as important because of the numerous visitors who passed through Portsmouth in the course of each year.

Such a nice man

But, apart from the splendid opportunities thus presented, the change was a welcome one because he was in a poor state of health.

It was really a most benevolent action of his employers to send him to the coast, where he would undoubtedly benefit by the change of air.

There was one thing, however, that worried him more than he could say. His wife, who had been stricken down some years before with a terrible malady, had lately grown worse, and it would not be prudent to move her at present.

He had been reluctant to leave her, but she would rejoin him, of course, as soon as her medical adviser pronounced her fit enough to travel.

Mr. Briggs was so well-spoken and seemed such a nice, cultured sort of gentleman that the Portsmouth landlady accepted him as a boarder without question.

She sympathised with him over his distress for his invalid wife, and waited upon him considerately.

Terrible emotion

Daily Mr. Briggs would go out to his new duties, snatching only the briefest intervals for meals. Then, towards the end of his first week's residence, he came in one afternoon in a state of terrible emotion.

He was pale and trembling, and his husky voice conveyed the impression that he was on the verge of tears.

It was difficult, the landlady could see, for him to master his emotion sufficiently to enable him to explain the nature of his trouble; but presently he fumbled in his pocket and handed her a telegram with a gesture of utter despair.

The message which the document bore brought a lump to the landlady's throat. Mrs. Briggs had passed away . . . would her husband return to Hammersmith at once. . . .

With understanding sympathy the landlady tried to offer a few words of comfort and consolation and asked if there was anything she could do.

At first Mr. Briggs shook his head, but as he found his voice he confided that he was without the necessary money to go to town and to carry out the funeral arrangements.

His wife's long illness, coupled with the unexpected expense of having to come down to Portsmouth, had temporarily embarrassed him.

He was at present negotiating for certain money that was due to him, but he did not suppose that he would get it for a day or two at the earliest. It was an unfortunate position.

Then he remembered that he had a security on which he might raise a loan and produced a document which purported to show that money was due to him in dividends on shares in a large company with offices in Bond Street, London, W.

If the landlady could let him have a little cash he would repay it in a day or two, and, if she so desired, she could hold the dividend certificate as security.

All the money that the landlady had by her was £12, which had been set aside towards the rent; but she generously agreed to let him have this, and with many expressions of gratitude, Mr. Briggs eventually departed upon his dismal mission.

For a day or two the landlady did not entertain any fears, but as the silence became more protracted she went to the local store to see if anything had been heard there. To her astonishment she found that he was not even known there!

Scandalous infamy

In desperation she had enquiries made regarding the alleged dividend certificate, and this too proved to be bogus, while Mr. Briggs had no right whatever to claim that any money was due to him from the Bond Street firm.

Many other kind-hearted souls, we regret to say, have been similarly duped by this shameless scoundrel, who is "widowed" anew almost every week!

Superintendent Savage, Chief of the Central Office, Scotland Yard, whose officers should soon lay this rogue by the heels

His name is not Briggs at all, but Wheeler, and he has also passed as William Goulden, Patrick O'Brien, G. W. Goulding, William Golding and Patrick Riley.

Sanctimonious sob-stuff is his strong suit, and his Portsmouth dupe was greatly puzzled to find that he had left behind him a cassock and a crucifix!

The truth is that he often posed as a priest of the Roman Catholic faith, in which capacity he is in the habit of making door-to-door calls for the ostensible purpose of raising funds for his Church!

On such occasions he often urges people to purchase crucifixes and other religious articles for the "splendid cause," and when we add that they have mostly been stolen by him from different churches, the depths of his infamy will be realised.

BACON—and a BAD EGG

Money's No Object to Rhodes

A DAPPER gentleman of fifty, whose clear-cut features and greyish hair lent him a benevolent appearance, visited an ironmongery store in Ashby-de-la-Zouch a few days ago, and intimated that he wished to see the manager on important business.

He tendered a visiting-card, which proclaimed him to be Mr. William Rhodes, and which described him as a "bacon curer and livestock agent," of Appleby Hall, Appleby Magna, Burton-on-Trent.

On being received by the manager, Mr. Rhodes explained that he had just purchased Appleby Hall for a sum of £1,700, and proposed to develop it in connection with his commercial undertakings.

Money no object

He had been specially recommended to the store in question, he declared, and he wished to place an order for the installation of twelve fireplaces at Appleby Hall.

Money was no object, but the grates must be of special design, and with all modern labour-saving devices.

A type was selected to suit his requirements, and, after giving detailed instructions to enable the work to be put in hand without delay, Mr. Rhodes wrote out his cheque in payment of the bill, which amounted to £117.

Regretted kindness

Then, with a good-natured gesture, he bustled out of the shop, leaving the manager congratulating himself upon the excellent stroke of business that had been done, and speculating on the possibility of further transactions in the future.

A little later in the day, Mr. Rhodes looked up the manager again, and explained that, having made several purchases in local shops, he had run temporarily short of cash.

He was consequently in a quandary as he was at present little known in the district; but, in view of the large order he had just placed with the ironmongery establishment, he felt that perhaps the manager would oblige him by cashing a cheque for eight or nine pounds.

His request was granted, but the manager began to regret his kindness when his men came back from Appleby Hall with the astounding news that Mr. Rhodes was quite unknown there. An endeavour to locate him elsewhere had proved fruitless.

This shock was quickly followed by another when Mr. Rhodes' two cheques came back from the Tamworth branch of the Midland Bank dishonoured.

Quick coups

This coup, we are able to state, is only one of many perpetrated by the winning Mr. Rhodes, who is by no means the amiable gentleman he appears to be at first sight.

Various complaints have been made against him by firms from which he has obtained goods by false pretences and on which he has bestowed worthless cheques.

At Colville, for instance, he operated with equal success on the very same day on which he imposed upon the ironmongery establishment at Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Victims astounded

In this case, however, he actually obtained a valuable quantity of harness, etc., on the strength of another of his homing cheques.

So cleverly does he operate that not the slightest suspicion is aroused, and many of his victims have subsequently expressed amazement that their dignified and benevolent visitor could have been guilty of such duplicity.

From the details that we have given above, however, traders should be able to identify this clever trickster.

If he favours them with a visit they should not hesitate to summon a policeman, who will be only too pleased to conduct the interview on most businesslike lines.

A Very Queer

KINEMA MYSTERY

The Book that Never Appeared

DURING the last few months a concern called the Trader Press, of 5, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., has been approaching people in all parts of the country in connection with a scheme calculated to arouse the interest of those connected with the kinematograph industry.

Details of the scheme have been set forth in a printed circular letter, which, accompanied by a two-page folder containing portraits of certain celebrities in the kinema world, told of a forthcoming volume that was to be known as "British Kinematograph Personalities Illustrated."

This contemplated publication, it was stated, had been inaugurated to provide an illustrated record and reference book of personalities in all branches of the industry in question on the lines of the two-page folder attached.

Tickling their vanity

That is to say, it would be a kind of illustrated "Who's Who," containing a photograph of each personality, together with a summary of his or her career.

The volume would be "handsomely bound," and would contain approximately 600 pages of portrait reproductions and brief biographies arranged in appropriate sections.

In inviting people to send their portraits, the Trader Press left it to them to supply their own version of their accomplishments.

And, finally, they were reminded that the volume would serve "manifold purposes advantageous to those portrayed therein," tickling their vanity still further by assuring them that space had been reserved pending the courtesy of a reply.

The office at Bloomsbury Street was soon bustling with business, and Mr. S. Campbell Robertson, the firm's principal, employed several agents to call personally upon members of the kinema industry, to solicit their photograph, "copy" and—fees.

Managers, musical directors, solo-organists and the like were those chiefly approached.

Unpleasant questions

In the course of the past few months, Mr. Robertson's agents have interviewed hundreds of people, many of whom have been induced to part with fees ranging from £1 5s. to £2.

One collector alone was instrumental in obtaining more than £100 from kinematograph personalities within a period of a few weeks.

But, as time went on, he found himself being asked unpleasant questions as to when the volume of "manifold purposes" was likely to make its appearance.

We do not suppose that anyone can give a very satisfactory reply to that question. "British Kinematograph Personalities Illustrated" was first of all scheduled to appear in January. Then the publication date was deferred and it was understood that it would blossom forth in leafy June. June came and went, but the volume never appeared, and it has not appeared to this day!

This is disappointing to the numerous people who have subscribed towards its production, and they are naturally anxious to know why the much-boomed book has not been published, and, in the circumstances, what has happened to their fees and photographs.

Mr. W. H. Husband, Vice-Chairman of the British Motion Pictures Association, which advocates a central enquiry bureau to warn members against doubtful propositions

The position has grown all the more uneasy for Mr. Robertson, since several disgruntled subscribers have complained to the police.

This, too, has occasioned some alarm amongst the various creditors who have executed work for Robertson and who now wonder when they may expect payment.

Recent calls at the office have proved fruitless, for Mr. Robertson has not been available.

Completely at sea

In his absence his landlord, who, by the way, has not received his rent, has been caused endless annoyance by the stream of callers and the ever-ringing telephone bell!

Some idea of the number of people involved can be gathered from the fact that, apart from individual solicitations in the provinces, London and the surrounding districts have been most closely combed.

Clamouring subscribers are to be found in Hampstead, Walthamstow, Kensington, Stratford, Acton, Stroud Green, Camden Town, Highgate, Balham, Catford, Finchley, Wimbledon, Forest Gate, Clapton, and in a host of other districts.

How is it that a proposition that met with such widespread support has not been pursued to a successful conclusion? In the absence of Mr. Robertson it is difficult to say.

Even one of his collectors is completely at sea in the matter, for when he presented himself at the office a few weeks ago to claim his salary he was put off with excuses!

We can do no more, therefore, than express the hope that this publicity will have the effect of prompting Mr. Robertson to come forward and give his explanation of this very unsatisfactory fiasco.

The Beautiful

DUD *CHEQUE* QUEEN

An Auburn-Haired Adventuress

A LITTLE while ago, a lady, who gave the name of Mrs. Annie Wilson, took apartments at a fashionable boarding-house at Slough, and quickly attracted attention by her charm of manner.

Though nearly fifty years of age, she appeared much younger, possessing a wealth of auburn hair, and wistful, grey eyes.

Many a younger woman might have envied her undoubted charms, which were enhanced by the fact that she invariably dressed with expensive taste.

After Mrs. Wilson had been in residence for a day or two, and had quite endeared herself to the management by force of sheer personality, she confided that she wished to make certain purchases and would be grateful if the proprietress would recommend one or two of the best local shops.

This request was gladly complied with, and Mrs. Wilson first of all visited a local hosier's establishment.

Cheery conversation

Explaining that she had been specially recommended, and mentioning the name of the boarding-house proprietress, she entered into a cheery conversation.

She intimated that she would be staying in Slough for an indefinite period before going abroad again, implying by her manner that she was a much-travelled woman of independent means.

There were certain things she required, she added, and she was anxious to complete her purchases locally, if possible, to save a troublesome journey to town.

The hosier was naturally eager to secure her distinguished custom, particularly as she had been recommended by a very old customer, and he set before her the best articles from his stock.

Mrs. Wilson spent a considerable time in the shop, making her selections with no display of haste. She chatted pleasantly all the time, but paid close attention to the business in hand and exhibited a most fastidious taste.

Amongst the various remarks made, Mrs. Wilson observed that she liked Slough very much indeed—much better than Reading, where she had recently spent a few days with a relative, and which was her home town.

Spot cash!

The hosier attached little importance to this observation at the time, but subsequent events were to prove that it had not been so casual as it had sounded.

Eventually, after deciding upon her various purchases, Mrs. Wilson expressed her satisfaction at the hosier's courtesy, and requested him to send the goods to the boarding-house later in the day.

If he would make out her bill however, she would pay now, as she never liked to run up accounts.

She then produced a cheque, drawn on the Reading branch of a well-known bank, and made payable to "self" for £10.

She had meant to get some cash at the local bank, she explained, but she had been longer over her shopping than she had at first intended. It was too late to get a cheque cashed now, she was afraid. The time had gone so quickly.

Unexpected departure

It was annoying, too, because she had other very important shopping to do that afternoon and had planned to visit one or two other establishments to which the boarding-house proprietress had so kindly recommended her.

The shopkeeper was full of sympathy, but regretted that he could not cash her cheque as he had not £10 in the till. Mrs. Wilson assured him that he must not worry on account of her foolishness.

The remainder of her shopping was not very extensive, so if he could let her have a few pounds now that would be quite satisfactory. She could call back later for the balance or it could be sent up to the house with her goods.

The hosier agreed to this arrangement and, accepting the £10 cheque, handed his charming customer £5 in cash. Later in the day the goods were duly delivered, but the charming Mrs. Wilson never looked in again for her change.

Finally, the hosier learnt to his dismay that she had departed unexpectedly from the boarding-house, taking her new "purchases," but leaving no clue as to her future destination.

Confirmed adventuress

Then the cheque came back from the bank dishonoured, and the hosier found that several other tradesmen had been victimised in a similar way of fashion.

Enquiries at Reading disclosed the fact that Mrs. Annie Williams had certainly opened a banking account there at one time, but that it had been closed when her real character had been discovered.

She retained a cheque-book, however, and has since drawn freely upon her closed account using the name of Wilson, Watson, Williams and Ward.

Despite her charm of manner, the fact remains that Mrs. Wilson is a confirmed adventuress, who has been the guest of His Majesty on more than one occasion.

Her presentations at "Court," however, have always been via the dock, and her recent escapades show that she undoubtedly merits a further sojourn in retirement.

SCHOOLBOYS SOLD as SLAVES

Driving Children to Crime

THERE is an abominable system that we mean to smash. Readers will appreciate our feelings in the matter when they have digested some of the details set forth below.

We want to save poor boys from being sent into slavery! Few people are aware that such an evil exists; yet it is an indisputable fact that children are often sent from welfare institutions in this country to farms in the Irish Free State, where, in far too many cases, they are treated as slaves.

As evidence of this, let us cite the case of a boy named Naughton, who was recently summoned in an Irish Free State Court for flinging a stone at a girl.

One of the first statements made to the judge about the lad was that he was English and had been sent to Ireland by an English industrial school, in whose care he had previously been.

It is an extraordinary story. The little girl was the daughter of a farmer named O'Donnell, who, for some time, had been at enmity with another farmer named Gaffney. The latter, it so happened, was the English lad's "employer."

Farmers' feud

The feud between these two farmers had reached such a pitch that the law had been invoked between them on more than one occasion.

In the case we are considering, Gaffney was called to give evidence and was asked by the judge how he came to get the boy from an English industrial school.

Mr. Gaffney casually replied that he had followed a local custom and had written to the institution for a boy and Naughton had been sent to him. Asked what wages he paid the lad, he replied vaguely, "Not much."

We are pleased to be able to record that the district justice, Mr. J. H. Rice, B.L., D.J., did not disguise his feelings in addressing Gaffney.

Amazed judge

"You pay him nothing!" he said shrewdly. "You are one of those slave-drivers! Several cases have come before me where English boys have been brought over as apprentices to farming, but in reality are slaves!

"I am sorry you are not in the position of the boy. I should send you to jail for six months if you were!"

Now, before this lad Naughton was sent to his Irish slavery, Mr. Gaffney had another reformatory boy from England, for whom he had applied in the same casual manner.

This former boy was also drawn into the feud. He was seriously assaulted by O'Donnell, who being brought up before the court, was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months.

Before long the lad had to complain again, and O'Donnell was summoned before the court once more. This time his bail was forfeited and the lad was taken away and sent back to England.

A few months ago, in a case where an English boy was charged with theft in the Irish Free State, Sergeant Russell, of Cloone, was questioned as to how the lad got to Ireland.

"An English industrial school got him apprenticed to farming," was the reply.

Asked to explain what he meant by "apprenticed," the sergeant added that a very prevalent system was followed by farmers of writing to certain English industrial schools for boys on the understanding that they would be fed and clothed.

To the judge's amazement, the sergeant further stated that the usual "wage" in such cases was 2s. a week, and as the boy in this case was undoubtedly in a very bad situation, he had been subjected to a strong temptation to steal.

The sergeant was only too familiar with cases in which English lads, obtained by Irish Free State farmers for the asking, had been enslaved and driven into crime.

As far as he could see, he observed, the English authorities not only tolerated the abominable traffic, but were "only too delighted to get rid of the lads!"

Shipped into slavery

A little while ago a boy named Edward Boglan, who had been obtained by a farmer named Mahon, was prosecuted for stealing money belonging to his "employer." The boy was admittedly wayward, and had previously been in a Lancashire industrial school.

He needed a little kindly attention and good advice, as he had a bad record for a boy, having been several times before the English courts before being finally sent to the industrial school in question.

Sir Frederick J. Willis, K.B.E., C.B., Chairman of the Board of Control

Yet, when Mahon applied for a boy, the authorities sent this lad, despite his character and his great need for reformation in a proper institution, to become a slave!

Is it not dreadful to contemplate? Leading Irish Free State newspapers have protested as vehemently as they can against it all, yet nothing is done to stop it.

In publishing these facts, we would appeal very strongly to the Board of Control, which, being primarily responsible for the welfare of wayward and otherwise delinquent children in the various institutions throughout the land, should follow its obvious course of duty and enquire into the matter without delay.

The unhappy children in question are entrusted to the care of welfare institutions in order that they can be helped in every way to attain to good citizenship.

To ship them into slavery is not only a shameful evasion of duty, but an act of inhumanity which must fill all decent people with disgust.

Luck-bringing Society

Big Money *in Mascots*

THERE is big money in mascots. Paltry trinkets which used to sell at a penny a time are nowadays exploited with such effect that superstitious members of the public can be induced to part with preposterous fees.

The latest mascot to appear upon the market is Ta-Chi, and to lend dignity to this little lead luck-bringer, purchasers are "enrolled" as members of the Ta-Chi Society, which entitles them to "all the good luck, good fortune and happiness Ta-Chi can bestow."

Mysterious power

Ta-Chi is offered for sale by the Ta-Chi Company, of 28, Ponsard Road, Harlesden, London.

We learn that this "wonderful mascot" has been known in the Far East for centuries, and that it has been possible to reproduce small models here through an English gentleman who had spent many years in China, "in constant company with the successful Chinese who attribute their success to the great and mysterious luck-bringing power of Ta-Chi."

Sorry trade

That the mascot has been able to adapt itself to a Western environment seems evident from the hints of its successes in football, crossword, racing and other competitions.

There are three grades of Ta-Chi—bronzed, 1s.; silver-plated, 2s., or gold-plated, 5s.—but, presumably, the amount of luck that they are supposed to bring is the same.

The Ta-Chi Company was registered as recently as June 28 last, and is nothing more than the business name of Lizzie Beatrice Collins, whose place of residence likewise constitutes the headquarters of the company and the Ta-Chi Society.

If this lady will be advised by us, she will abandon this sorry trade of distributing trash through the post and extracting cash from ignorant people who believe her extravagant claims.

A *Very Sour* Plum

Who Wants a Job?

A NORFOLK reader, who has served in the Army for more than twenty years, is out of work, and a recent offer that was put before him by the military authorities does not give a very pleasant impression of the attitude of officialdom in this connection.

The offer emanated in the first place from the employment exchange at King's Lynn, and particulars were forwarded to the recruiting office, Britannia Barracks, Norwich, in order that they could be submitted to "any suitable applicants."

An old soldier of more than twenty years' service was, apparently, considered "suitable" for the privilege of applying for the post in question; but, when we disclose the terms of the employment offered, our readers will have their doubts in the matter.

What a wage!

For instance, it was expressly set forth that a disabled ex-Service man would be given preference; yet, in the same breath almost, mention was made of the fact that the wages would be only 10s. 9d. a week, plus 7s. 7d. "cost of living bonus" and 1s. 6d. for use of cycle.

Thus, the total remuneration offered amounts to the handsome figure of 19s. 10d.

Good going

That would be bad enough in any circumstances, but wait until we have quoted a few details regarding this "plum" of office.

The vacancy is described as being for "a permanent auxiliary postman (cycle)" at Middleton, a sub-office to King's Lynn, and it is estimated that the successful candidate would be required to cycle about thirteen miles daily.

As the chosen man would have to put in a six-day week, it follows that he would have to cycle seventy-eight miles in that time, or 4,056 miles in a year.

Not bad going for a disabled man, and surely worthy of greater reward than the paltry stipend offered?

Smoked for their quality by people who know

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

REG° N° 154011

PLAYER'S *MEDIUM* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 for 6D – 20 for 11½D

N.C.C. 498

The Most Terrible LETTER in the WORLD

by "WOODBINE WILLIE" (the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.)

HAVE you ever received a begging-letter? If not, count yourself blessed amongst men. A begging-letter is the most damnable document on earth. There they lie on my desk, a pile of them, with misery in every line, a disgrace to God and man.

What shall I do with them? "Put them in the waste-paper basket. They are mostly frauds," says my strong-minded business friend. But I look at him and he turns his eyes away and will not meet mine. He is uncomfortable about it.

I select one out of the pile and hand it over to him. It is ill-written and badly spelled. He reads it through slowly, and then puts it down.

There is silence between us for a moment or two, and then he breaks out: "Well, damn it all, what are you to do? She is probably a fraud. And if she is not, there are thousands as badly off and worse."

"That's the devil of it," I reply. "That particular one is not a fraud. It is a fortnight old, as you can see by the date, and I enquired from the vicar of her parish in South Wales. What she says is pretty well true. But the vicar says there are hundreds of them as bad and worse. He is snowed under with them."

"But are there no relief funds she can apply to? There was a big response to the appeal for South Wales some time back. Thousands of pounds went down there. I gave my bit to that."

The curse of charity

"Well, the appeal brought in a good deal less than the appeal to reward the police for doing their duty during the general strike. And, anyhow, it is a drop in the ocean."

"It is always a drop in the ocean. Charity is no good to anyone. I'm damned if I ever give another penny away as long as I live," he says, as he gets up to go. "Oh, yes you will," I reply, "you'll have to. I know you. You can't stand it any more than I can. In fact, you are going to give me a fiver for this case now, aren't you?"

He counts out five pound notes, grins, says "Damn your eyes," and goes out shutting the door after him, and leaves me with the pile.

You will notice that there is a good deal of "damn" about that conversation. And yet he is not given to it as a rule. There was misery behind his "damns," the misery of utter bewilderment. That is the curse of charity from the point of view of those who give.

It is no longer blessed to give in these days. For a sensitive person it is a process of mild torture. In the days when a man could put his hand in his pocket, pull out the half-crown he would not miss, bestow it with a smile upon his poorer brother, and go on his way thinking "What a good boy am I," it was blessed to give.

But now, unless a man is soft in the head as well as soft in the heart, the gilt is all gone off the ginger-bread. First of all, as he looks at his half-crown, if he is a really intelligent man, he asks himself somewhere at the back of his head, "Is mine?

Den of thieves

"This half-crown represents what I can give away without making any alteration in my standard of life. But my standard of life, compared with these poor devils who come crying after my half-crowns is high, very high. Have I any real right to it? It represents my market value. I'm up for sale, like everything and everyone else in this world, and my standard of life is what I have been able to wring out of the market."

But, my stars, the market is a queer place. The old Book calls it a den of thieves, and it is not far wrong. A thief is a chap who is out to get something for nothing, and the market is full of them. Most of the stupid ones go to prison. Some of the clever ones go to the House of Lords. But one thing is certain, the market rules the world.

Who, then, rules the market? God alone knows. You don't know, I don't know; Mr. Baldwin doesn't know; nobody knows. Every man and woman in the world are at the mercy of the market, more or less.

The two doors

There are a few, a very few, who are less at the mercy of the market than the rest of us. They have entered, somehow, into the unholy of unholies. That is a little room somewhere in the middle of the market. I don't know where, because I have never been able to find it. But it has two doors. One is marked "Push" and the other "Pull."

If your dad had "Push" he left you "Pull," and you are one of the lucky ones. If you have neither push nor pull you are at the mercy of the market, and then, if the market turns against you, you are lucky if you escape with your skin. For the mercy of the market is like a Manx cat's tail.

That is the trouble with the British miner at the present moment. He is at the mercy of the market, and the market has turned against him. Nobody knows what to do for him, because nobody knows how to control the market. There are some who know how to push into it, and some who know how to pull out of it. Even those operations are largely a matter of luck.

And anyhow, "pushing" and "pulling" are very different from controlling, and no one knows how to control it. It is not merely a question of the coal market, still less is it merely a question of the British coal market; it is a question of the market of the world.

No monopoly in madness

There are those who say that the British miner brought all this lot on himself by the madness of 1926. Well, goodness knows 1926 was mad. To choose a moment when we all knew that the market was turning against us for a political dog-fight was the scarlet-and-purple limit of madness.

But the crash was bound to come anyway. And to put it mildly the miners had no monopoly in madness—in fact, in their main contention that the coal problem could not be solved by docking wages and lengthening hours, they were right, and events have proved how right they were.

The most that could be gained by a policy of cut wages and longer hours was a temporary competitive advantage which other nations have been compelled to reply to by cutting their wages and lengthening their hours.

The day for this haphazard bungling is over. The problem is a large one and demands large-minded, bold treatment in which the Government will have to play a leading part.

It is no good blaming Mr. Cook and the Communists. You might as well blame a fly that sat on a volcano for an eruption that carried a village away. This trouble is not due to any little manikins, it is due to a movement of the market that at present is beyond control.

There is only one way to help the man at the mercy of the market, and that is to control the market itself. That is our job, and a big one.

It is the market of the world that has turned against the miner at a moment when he is utterly

"Woodbine Willie"

at its mercy. He had a little bit of pull so long as the Miners' Federation stood, but it never was much, and it all went west in 1926. And now he stands in our midst, a tragic figure, a man at the mercy of the market. What can we do?

World-wide issue

Well, first of all, charity is no good, and yet there must be charity. We must give. Not because it is blessed to give. It isn't. We must give, because under these conditions it is accursed not to.

But, secondly, we must realise that there are no short cuts. The miner represents the challenge of our times, the challenge of a world of men who are at the mercy of the market.

And yet the market was made for man, and not man for the market. There can be, and will be, no real freedom until man has learned to control the market of the world. That is an enormous task, but it is the task of our times.

The first necessary step to take in facing it is to realise that there is not a single economic issue of our day which is not a world issue, involving the relation of nations and races to one another. That means that, sooner or later, in every important economic issue, the Governments of the nations must take a hand.

That brings us to two definite decisions that every man in the street should come to once and for all. First of all, that it is quite impossible to separate economics from politics and treat them as two distinct departments of life. Secondly, that it is absolutely necessary to separate economics from Party politics and from Party strife.

National policy

We need, and must have, a national economic policy. Above all, at the present moment, we need and must have a national coal policy. To that extent, at any rate, the mines must be nationalised. We need a national coal policy as a necessary step to an international coal policy, as only by an international coal policy can the miner be delivered from the mercy of the market.

It is when you see the kind of issues with which our politicians ought to be concerned, and to which they ought to devote their time, that you are staggered by the kind of stuff they are debating in the House of Commons, session after session.

Sooner or later, as sure as I am alive, we shall have to clear the decks of all this petty, trivial rubbish and face the main issue: How can industry be enabled to form some sort of international policy and so deliver the working people from the mercy of the market?

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To H.R.H. the DUKE OF YORK, K.G., K.T., Piccadilly, W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Once again I have to congratulate you on the enormous success of your boys' camp at New Romney. You yourself, as usual joined them as a chum, and wore the newly devised tie by which those who take part will be able later to recognise their companions, and thus cement friendships already formed. A very happy idea. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—If, as you admit, you "are pledged, and shall continue to be pledged, not to impose any taxes on food," why fiddle about with "safeguarding"? The imposition of duties on any product has its reflex action on the price of food. If you really are "not as simple as people think," you don't need me to tell you this. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. CHAMBERLAIN, K.G., M.P., Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

DEAR SIR,—It is rumoured that you have agreed that the Rhineland shall remain occupied till 1935, in return for which France has consented to a naval compromise favourable to Great Britain. If this be true, not only have you endangered the whole scheme for world disarmament, but you are binding the nation to a policy of which the better and the bigger part heartily disapproves. When you return to work I shall have a bone to pick with you. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—Your denial of any split in the Cabinet is comic in view of the avowed Free Trade principles of Mr. Churchill, the blatant Protectionist propaganda of "Jix" and the straddle-fence attitude of the Premier. The best that can be said is that you have agreed to differ lest a sudden squall should throw you into the troubled sea of a General Election. Still, if you didn't hang together you would probably hang separately! JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS, M.P., Secretary for War.

DEAR SIR,—The Southern Command recently held a four-day tattoo at Tidworth. Pageant predominated, and the romance of soldiering was exaggerated into a living lie. If only you would introduce a few dead bodies, a million or so lice, and permeate the whole with the stench of an insanitary slaughterhouse, you would be giving us a picture nearer to truth. If youth knew war as it really is, it would have none of it, which is, I presume, why you dare not show them the truth. JOHN BULL.

To Major-General LORD LOVAT, K.C.M.G., Beaufort Castle, N.B.

MY LORD,—Your statement of the Government's intention to assist emigrants to Canada to the extent of £100 on condition that they save a like amount within a year or so has met with severe criticism in the Dominion. Since the average wage of a farm labourer amounts to only £10 per month, it will be seen how absurd and deceiving the offer is. It looks suspiciously like an attempt to solve our unemployment problem under false pretences. JOHN BULL.

To Commandant MARY S. ALLEN, O.B.E., Chief of Women Police.

DEAR MADAM,—You have done well to warn young girls who visit the seaside unchaperoned against the wiles of the male pier pest, since many have been robbed, and more ruined, by these oily blackguards. I entirely endorse your plea that a number of women police should be employed during the season without regard to cost. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE HENRY HALL, M.P., Hartham Road, Holloway, N.

DEAR SIR,—I agree that it is a scandal that Parliament should adjourn for three months while the condition of the country remains so deplorable. Most people have to be content with a fortnight's holiday, and the most fortunate seldom get more than a month. Those who insist on such long periods of idleness have no right to seek a seat in the House. JOHN BULL.

THE TRUTH AT LAST!

(Vaccination is now stated to be a cause of sleepy sickness)

To the Rt. Hon. Sir FREDERICK MILNER, D.L., President Ex-Services Welfare Society.

DEAR SIR,—With 6,000 ex-Service men still in mental hospitals and over 30,000 suffering the terrors of neurasthenia, it is a terrible indictment of national memory that you have to plead for these sufferers from wounded minds. Make your appeals even more insistent, for not only must these sufferers be cared for—why the State does not do it is amazing!—but only by such reminders will the world be stimulated to work still harder for the abolition of all war. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. CHARLES E. PRUST, Chief Ranger, Ancient Order of Foresters.

DEAR SIR,—Your logic is correct when you deduce peace and prosperity from healthy bodies in health-giving surroundings for all sections of the nation. While a few live in decency and the many exist in squalor, none should be content. A great, united attack on the foulness of slums must be delivered, and I welcome your adherence to a cause I have very much at heart. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. FRANK BRIANT, M.P., Lambeth Walk, S.E.

DEAR SIR,—When you waxed righteously indignant concerning the scandalous conditions under which hop-pickers are still compelled to work and to live in many parts of Kent, the Minister of Health pleaded that he had little power of control, since the question was one for the local authorities. When men, women and children are given accommodation worse than that supplied to cows and horses, it is time the Government sought power to end the evil. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JAMES D. A. LAW, Railway Street, York.

DEAR SIR,—Although not yourself a harvester, you once organised 600 stranded harvesters in Toronto. Finding it hard to keep body and soul together, they marched 300 miles to see the Premier at Ottawa, who could only refer them to the law which permits "action" against any agency inducing men to leave Britain under false pretences. Hopeless, homeless, hungry men might as well have dreamed of flying to the moon!—a poor precedent for the present miners' emigration stunt. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JAMES MELROSE, Ex-Lord Mayor, York.

DEAR SIR,—The fact that it is fifty-two years since you acted as chief magistrate of your ancient city, and that recently the bells of the Minster were rung in honour of your hundredth birthday, may afford some evidence of the big part you have played in municipal affairs. Your physical and mental agility are still a constant surprise to your fellows, and almost every morning finds you engaged with business affairs. You are the Grand Old Man of a grand old town. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. BALDWIN:—"I'm not so simple as some of my opponents think."

All the less excuse for not achieving more.

* * *

DR. F. A. E. CREW:—"This country is not fit for parents to live in."

The fault of enfranchised parents who don't take the trouble to make it fit.

* * *

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY:—"There is an enormous eagerness of questioning in the air."

With a corresponding responsibility on those who set out to answer it.

* * *

LORD DARYNGTON:—"Application, concentration and attention are three of the most important things these days."

That depends on what attention is concentrated upon.

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

ALARMING VACCINATION *EXPOSURE*

The Scratch of Death

DON'T POISON YOUR BABIES!

IT is unfortunate that whenever the Government publishes a Blue Book which everyone should read it always manages to put a price on it that is prohibitive. The 7s. which it demands for the Report of the Committee appointed by the Ministry of Health to enquire into vaccination promptly places the committee's findings out of the reach of millions.

Nothing quite so terrible and horrifying has been published for generations. The opponents of vaccination have always been regarded as cranks. We do not think they will be so regarded in the future, for, headed by Sir Humphry Rolleston, the committee carries a weight that cannot be questioned.

And what does it say? It says: "We agree that in present evidence the association of encephalitis with vaccination is not fortuitous, and recommend further experimental research coupled with the prompt investigation of any cases that may occur."

Put in plain language, the committee says that vaccination causes sleepy sickness. The committee further says: "In the last few years there is evidence that in this country and abroad acute disease of the central nervous system has occasionally followed vaccination."

THAT vaccination should in its efforts to prevent disease cause disease is bad enough. But it is a very terrible thing that a treatment that is forced on the country by Act of Parliament should now be accused by medical men of the highest standing of causing one of the most dreadful diseases known to modern times.

For "encephalitis" can not only cause fever and sleeplessness. It can cause paralysis of the facial nerves, of the eyes or of the limbs, and can leave the most terrible after-effects. It can leave a patient semi-paralysed, and it can do even worse—it can turn character upside down and transform a law-abiding citizen into an habitual criminal.

Even from a purely layman's standpoint, it has always seemed to us a filthy business to infect a child with the certainty of cowpox in order to safeguard it against a very problematical attack of smallpox which it is supposed to prevent.

Smallpox, if in any real sense of the word it occurs to-day, is still what it always was—a dirt disease. It is sanitation and not vaccination that has rid this country of it. It is sanitation and not vaccination that will continue to keep the country free from it in the future.

THE other day, Mr. Neville Chamberlain was forced to admit in the House of Commons that from June 1 to June 30, eleven death certificates had been given in which the words "vaccination" or "vaccinia" appeared, and that on six of these certificates some form of nervous disease was entered. He also admitted that he was aware of ten other cases in which death followed closely after vaccination.

Almost the next day, he had to admit that one child in Norfolk died of sleepy sickness after vaccination, and another in the same district is also suffering from the same disease following vaccination.

He admitted, too, that he was aware that two other similar cases had occurred in the same district.

We do not think we need say much more. We do not pretend to be medical experts, but we do not need to be medical experts to appreciate the gravity of this startling report, which for once in a lifetime has completely broken through the conspiracy of silence with which medical men usually surround their operations.

It does not seem to us peculiarly a question of medicine. It is a simple question of national health. It is not sanity to continue to inject poison and disease into healthy children, and we have no hesitation whatever in asserting that the whole business of vaccination should be suspended forthwith.

Meanwhile, the committee recommends that the country should proceed with experiments towards the removal of the dread consequences of vaccination. Our opinion is that it would be both cheaper and more effective to remove vaccination.

Sir Humphry Rolleston, K.C.B., M.D., Chairman of the Medical Committee that has just investigated the effects of vaccination

The UTTER FAILURE of the CHURCH

A Pathetic *Betrayal*

IN the morning mist, rain falling as in pity, a mighty host the other morning wended its slow way to Ypres. There were very many women. There were more men. Some were mutilated, some were hideously disfigured, some were blind. All were scarred with pain, all were worn with toil, all had hearts deep riven by the ghastly, useless, shameful horror of war.

They came, the most of them, to look upon the spot where haply their own beloved dead may lie; they came to stand a moment before the great Gate of Remembrance in prayer. The prayer was led by the new Archbishop of Canterbury. "Was it all worth while?" he asked. "Here at this gate let there be no faltering in the answer—*Yes, a thousand times yes.*"

It may be that the speaker, looking on his tragic audience of weeping women, sought to give comfort in the thought of the sacrificial nature of their blood suffering. We give him the benefit of the doubt, while tearing the filmy shreds of sophistry from his reasoning.

Nearly 8,000,000 people were killed in the war. There were more than 13,000,000 wounded. £30,000,000,000 at the lowest computation was taken from national treasuries, filched from education, social welfare, and sane advancement, to be squandered on insane and hideous destruction.

The men who died perished in every conceivable form of horrid torture. A description of a casualty station behind the lines during a battle, with surgeons up to their armpits in blood, reads like a scene from Dante's *Inferno*.

And it did no good. It left a world of chaos, unemployment, poverty, disease and misery which will take this generation, and the next, and the next after that, all its time to clear up.

If princes, war-lords and archbishops forget these facts the people must remember. The mothers must remember. The babes of to-day can only be saved from similar horrors if the parents do remember.

There is no glamour to be thrown over war. It is a filthy, evil, devilish thing. And it is unnecessary.

It was the duty of the Archbishop to say so at Menin Gate. It is what the religion of Jesus Christ teaches, and the Archbishop is supposed to be His follower.

Not for the first time the Church has been betrayed by its leaders.

MORE Minehead Misery

IF it be true that "More evil is wrought by want of thought than want of heart," then great responsibility rests upon the thousands of people who gather at the opening meet of the deer-hunting season.

It attracts more hunting men and women and more spectators than any other hunting gathering in England.

We are staggered, in this day of Christian thought and feeling, by the word "attract" in such connection, but it is given us by a hunting correspondent, who adds, "Deer are plentiful this season and so the sporting prospects are good."

And so at Cloutsham, Exmoor, on the opening day, the deer-hunt is a field-day for "those who do not hunt, for many hundreds of riders who come mounted to the meet with no intention of following the chase seriously."

Not that any compassion for the noble creature to be hunted, harried and tortured to ignoble death deters them. On the contrary. Having no pity for the wide-eyed, anguished deer, they have a very tender care indeed for their own precious bones.

So while the actual chase and kill are left to the seat-hardened huntsmen and huntswomen, for the thousands of people, residents and visitors, at seaside resorts near the meet is really a gigantic picnic.

It may be for those who like their meal seasoned with blood streaming from an agonised and dying animal, but it will not be for those who take time to pause and think.

We bid the Minehead picnickers take this time, for Britishers are surely made of better stuff than this, and the day is near at hand when they will realise it and be ashamed.

The FOUR-FOOTED BABY KILLER

by A. G. GARDINER

The Rt. Hon. Walter Guinness, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

THE alarming outbreak of para-typhoid which has taken place in various parts of London brings into prominence again a danger to the community against which JOHN BULL has waged unceasing war. It is the danger to life and health of impure milk.

The source of the present disquieting epidemic is not yet discovered, but most of the possible origins have been eliminated and there is a strong suspicion that it proceeds from milk.

The fact—if it should prove a fact—is lamentable, but not surprising. The quality of the milk supply is the most searching test of a nation's efficiency. Milk is the vital food of the young during the most critical period of their growth, and it is only less important to the adult than it is to the child.

Lives that are ruined

But the milk must be pure. If it is impure, it is pregnant not with health but with disease. And it is notorious that this country never has had pure milk, and is not having pure milk to-day. If we could assess, not the human suffering only, but the financial loss to the nation which has resulted from contaminated milk we should be staggered by the revelation.

Practically all cases (I give this on medical authority) of spinal disease, hip-joint disease and most cases of bone and gland disease are entirely due to infection caused by drinking tubercular cows' milk.

Think of the lives that have been ruined from the cradle by this cause, think of the enormous price which the community has had to pay in respect of those lives, and we shall have some slight measure of the magnitude of this question.

I do not wish to exaggerate or to create needless alarm. Things are better than they were. People are getting more enlightened on this subject. The health authorities have been set in motion. Something has been done to cleanse the sources of supply.

Idle boast

I believe that whatever criticisms may be justly directed against the great dairy combine on other grounds, its influence in purifying the milk supply has been important. And the Milk and Dairies Act of 1926 (not yet fully operative) has had a beneficial effect.

But it is idle to pretend that the peril has been banished. It is much worse than idle for Mr. Walter Guinness, the Minister of Agriculture, to tell us that English milk is "second to none in the world."

It may be and probably is second to none in feeding qualities, for our climate gives us perhaps the richest pastures in the world. But it is certainly not "second to none" in the cardinal matter of purity.

Mr. Guinness ought to know as well as anyone that America has led the world in this respect, and that it is the adoption of the principle of grading milk there which has set the standard of milk production. It has revolutionised the milk supply of the country, and has enormously enhanced the health of the people.

It has had another effect, which I commend to the attention of the farmers, some of whom still think this concern about the purity of their milk is a hardship to them. The consumption of milk in this country is relatively only a quarter of what it is in America. Why? The answer is simple.

Damning disclosure

"Is it reasonable," asks Dr. S. G. Moore, the Medical Officer of Health for Huddersfield, in a letter to the *Times*, "to expect prosperity for the dairy farmer who places on the market an unsatisfactory product, or one which sells at double the price of ordinary milk?"

Dr. G. H. Pearce, the Medical Officer of Heckmondwike, stated not long ago that many of the people in his district bought dried milk, not because there was not a sufficient supply of fresh milk in the locality, but because they did not trust the dairy milk.

"It usually contains cow-dung," said Dr. Pearce in his annual report, "the tubercle bacillus and frequently added water. In conversation recently, the Medical Officer of Health for a neighbouring town stated that of the samples of milk examined for his area in 1923 three out of ten contained the tubercle bacillus. By 1924 the proportion was four in ten."

Matters may have improved somewhat since, but only last month the Ministry of Health reported an outbreak in this country of epidemic disease caused by milk.

My point is this, that pure milk is not merely a matter of public health, but a question of the farmer's prosperity. He has in this country the greatest market in the world for his commodity. Unlike other things—beef, wheat, bacon and so on—milk is an article in regard to which he has no foreign competition to face. He has the field to himself.

Banish bad milk

No one buys dried milks or preserved milks because they are preferable to fresh milk, and the plain interest of the farmer is to establish the reputation of his milk above challenge. The results will be the same here as they have been in America where a quart of milk is consumed for every half pint that is consumed in England.

"The sooner our agriculturists," says Dr. Moore, "urge our Government to pass a simple common-sense law to ensure that all milk sold for human use must be safe—and where necessary rendered so by pasteurisation—the sooner will our consumption rise to a reasonable quantity, to the benefit of health and the profit and credit of English yeomen."

But, after all, the question is mainly one for the public. At all costs we must, as a matter of national health and security, have the highest standard of milk production. If the American cities can adopt pasteurisation, so can we.

Pasteurisation is not a substitute for clean milk production and clean handling of milk, but no inspection or laboratory control can provide a sufficient safeguard against the transmission of disease through milk, and pasteurisation does furnish that safeguard.

And if public opinion can only be aroused on the subject there is no doubt that we can be equal with the best. It is not enough to leave it to the farmers, the local authorities and the medical officers.

If we have an educated public we shall soon have pure milk and banish the diseases that are the product of bad milk.

A REEKING

THE annual report of Bermondsey's Medical Officer is a lesson and example to the social reformers of every slum-infested city in the kingdom. There are still many awful cases of overcrowding: families of ten and even eleven human beings are herded together in single rooms like pigs in a sty—owing, as I am assured by Dr. Salter, the borough's energetic M.P., to the obliquity of vision and ineptitude of action shown by the London County Council in the development of its Downham Colony.

Mr. A. M. Thompson

But by the resolute persistency of a little band of slum-sweepers, helped probably by the influence of that model local landlord, the Prince of Wales, wonders have been performed.

The general death-rate has been reduced in forty years from twenty-eight to twelve! The Massacre of the Innocents—the babies of Bermondsey—has been cut down from 180 per thousand to 69! The deaths from the terrible scourge of consumption are little more than a quarter of what they were!

Consider what these figures mean—what a sum of sickness and suffering saved, what thousands of little kiddies who in the bad old times would have pined and died, snatched from the jaws of disease and death for the comfort and love of their mothers!

NOW, if these glorious victories of life-saving have been possible in the narrow streets and fetid alleys of poverty-stricken Bermondsey, what ought to be done in the rich commercial cities which are the boast and pride of Imperial Britain!

Lord Beauchamp lately told the House of Lords that wealthy Birmingham—the pioneer of municipal enterprise—is still disgraced by 40,000 back-to-back houses—boxes of filth-soaked bricks, with window-frames black from the gases of sulphuretted hydrogen, and stinking backs yard—gardens of death, sown broadcast with seeds of pestilence, and lavishly manured with putrid offal.

The HAUNTING WHITE FACE

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

UNEMPLOYMENT figures go up, and up, and up. The total number of persons on the registers of employment exchanges to-day is 1,305,000. This is nearly 200,000 more than a year ago.

There is at least one less to-day, because William Halstead Tiplady has committed suicide. He had been unable to find any work for three years. He was only thirty-five years of age, able-bodied, anxious and willing to work, and denied any chance of earning a living by the country of his birth. So he chose what seemed to him the only alternative.

It was a weak way out; suicide always is. But the nation nevertheless has this man on its conscience, and God knows how many more like him.

It is astonishing what little imagination is possessed by most people. There is probably not more than a mere handful of people in the whole country who, if they found a starving child on their doorstep, would not take it in and give it a meal.

Sentenced to death

The trouble is that before they can be brought to realise what is going on they must actually see the starving child. Before they can really believe that there are nearly a million and a half men and boys eating out their hearts for lack of work they must, I suppose, be able to see each individual person, be able to see with their own eyes their rags, their white cheeks and their despairing faces.

It will mean very little, I suppose, to lots of people that 5,000 fewer miners are employed in the county of Durham than were employed a year ago. They will not really be able to appreciate what it means to be told that there are 1,200 children in the county attending school without boots, and that in thousands of cases the children have not sufficient clothing.

And they will take it in without really understanding what it means that these unfortunate bairns are, on top of all this, forced to live in miserable houses for which hovels would be too dignified a name, to be killed eventually by preventable disease.

If they had any real imagination they could not for long bear even the thought of little children going cold and hungry to school; of mothers watching their children slowly dying because their little bodies have not the stamina to resist the diseases that poverty brings in its train; or the fathers who, day by day, grow wearier and wearier and nearer to the solution that Tiplady eventually decided to take.

Millions down the drain

One real effort of the imagination, one real attempt to do something practical, and a large part of this misery would be swept away.

Every hundred thousand unemployed men cost the country at least £10,000,000 a year. In the last eight or nine years we have poured not less than £500,000,000 down the drain on unemployment, and despite Mr. Baldwin's statement that "Whatever the Government can do it will do," it proceeds to do nothing except pour good money after bad.

I will present the Government, not for the first time, with a suggestion that would put at least 130,000 men at work for a full year, that would do something practical to improve transport facilities and would repay the money expended a hundred times over.

Almost alone among the European countries we persist in neglecting our waterways. Yet they could be improved. New canals could be made, a dying method of transport could be made one of the cheapest and most effective in existence.

Even the Minister of Health a few years ago, when he was elected President of the National Council for Inland Waterways, said the Government was anxious to find work. He declared that waterway improvement "would have been far more remunerative than some of the schemes put into operation by local authorities, because they

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health

could think of nothing better." He said he had frequently been asked why relief work could not be done on the waterways, and he said, "Well, why not indeed?"

I also say "Why not indeed?" and want to know why Mr. Neville Chamberlain has never done anything to press his own views on the Cabinet.

Wanted—a real statesman

There is another thing to which a correspondent draws my attention. I will quote from his letter:

"Take, for example, our antiquated bridges. On January 27, 1926, a County Councils deputation told Mr. Churchill that an expenditure of £4,500,000 was needed for 740 county bridges alone. It is well known that as much more is required for canal, railway and other bridges in the country—say, £9,000,000 in all.

"Yet the Government, though it has raided the Road Fund of a sum estimated to represent a full year's work for 130,000 men, will only allocate for this bridge work the paltry sum of £250,000. £9,000,000 would find two years' work for 25,000 men, but the Government prefers to see them on the guardians."

And so one could go on. There is work to be done, no matter in what direction one turns. After all these years we are still waiting for some real statesman to arise who will bend his brains to one problem only—the rather simple problem of bringing the work and the unemployed together.

That is the problem that was in existence when the war came to an end. Ten years later we are facing precisely the same problem.

I cannot myself see where the difficulty lies. We still lack houses by the hundred thousand. We need new bridges. All over the country there is waste land that could be reclaimed. There are forests to be planted and a thousand and one other things for which the country is clamouring.

Make enough noise!

Above all, we might for once look a little ahead. The present insane policy is merely breeding for the future a race of weak and disease-ridden citizens. This country might yet achieve a power and position it has not yet known if we set about spending our money in creating very deliberately that "land fit for heroes to live in" of which we have heard so much and for which we are still waiting.

The real heroes are the men who for years have stuck grimly to their hope of finding work at last and have resisted the temptation that swept Tiplady into the Unknown.

It is time they got their chance, and they *could* get it if only we would pull ourselves together and make enough noise about it.

SS *of* INFAMY

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

Leeds is even worse than Birmingham. Stately Glasgow, according to the author of "Caledonia, or the Future of the Scots," has a street without a pane of glass in the window sashes, where "women give birth to children on a newspaper spread out on the two inches of coal dust that covers the floor."

IN Dundee, where the millionaire thread-spinners thrive, the infantile death-rate is the highest in Britain.

Glasgow, in proportion to size, is probably the wealthiest city in the Empire. And three and a half million acres in the Highlands are devoted to forests fit for deer to live in. One mercifully hopes that no Scottish duke will see the Bermondsey mortality returns; they might cause him the inconvenience and strain of blushing.

It is not only on the battle-field that one may see the carnage of wasted lives. Peace hath her casualties no less infamous than war. Unhappy mothers pent in the abominable rookeries of our wealthy cities either die in giving life or produce defective children.

Lord Kitchener, when he went recruiting at the beginning of the Great War, was appalled by the discovery of our vast armies of deformed men, women and children, with sickly looks and stunted frames. "All this must be altered," he told Mr. Sexton, M.P., "when the war is over."

But the change is still to come. And thousands of poor children—their bones wrung with anguish, their tongues parched with fever, their quivering nerves torn with burning pincers, their brains and senses crushed beneath a hopeless weight of misery—perish like poisoned rats in a sewer.

If we had no higher motive for saving them, the frugal payer of rates and taxes might at least consider what this wastage costs him in hospitals, workhouses and jails.

Lord Beauchamp suggested to the House of Lords that the Cabinet, instead of meeting in Downing Street, should occasionally meet in the slums. The change might be useful in teaching the Government where the mass of our war's heroes exist, and in inspiring the Chancellor of the Exchequer with rich possibilities of economy.

THE Government's present idea, as expressed by Lord Salisbury, is to tackle the problem, some day, when they have time, by providing more generous compensation to slum landlords!

The Cabinet obviously ought to go to Bermondsey.

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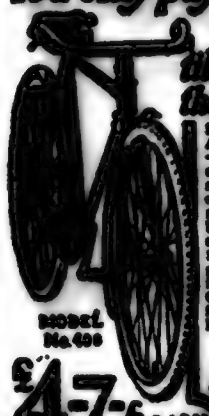

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PRISON SCANDALS: *Terrible Revelations*

Brutality in the Cells

AN INTERNATIONAL DISGRACE

IN spite of the work of reformers, cruelty and violence to prisoners are still prevalent in most European countries.

Men and women are kept in jail without trial, they are treated as guilty before they are brought to trial, and confessions are extracted by torture.

An observer in one country states that in the central police-station there is in regular use a brazier on which the bodies of prisoners from whom information is wanted are presented to the flames.

Brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, children and parents are flogged by the police, before one another's eyes, upon the least pretext of obtaining information.

Startling regulation

The following is a clause from the official regulations for the government of prisons in the same country:

"Torture shall not be employed without the orders of the superintendent of prisons. In cases of emergency it may be employed and the direction of the prison superintendent shall be secured afterwards."

In another prison, women and girls are kept without any women officers, under the constant surveillance and at the mercy of armed male warders.

In another, thirteen prisoners were confined in one cell, several suffering from active tuberculosis and others from venereal disease.

Nine persons have been confined in one small cell with no window, ventilated only by a hole in the door.

A prisoner (untried) was passed from prison to prison, in five different towns, and in three different countries in four weeks. He was lodged in ice-cold prisons and dark cells.

In one prison he lay on a bare concrete floor, in a room with sixty prisoners, "all engaged in hunting for vermin—almost the only occupation."

In one corner of the cell was a great tub where the necessities of Nature were relieved.

Other cases show that raving lunatics are kept in prison for want of suitable accommodation elsewhere.

Over one hundred persons have been for the last three years, and many still are, detained by one leading Power without having been brought to trial.

Misplaced congratulation

Many further examples could be cited. The names of the countries concerned cannot be mentioned for obvious reasons.

We in this country are very apt to ejaculate, "Thank God, such things don't happen under the British flag," but we are not entitled to congratulate ourselves.

"Prisoners serving sentences up to two years are exercised once a week, and employed only at stone-breaking in iron cages, round the courtyard of the prison."

This statement has been testified to recently as occurring in a prison under the British flag.

It is one of a dozen cases of abuse and brutality, in the police-cells and prisons of the civilised world,

Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, President of the Howard League for Penal Reform

which have been proved by the testimony of many witnesses, whose integrity and reliability cannot be challenged.

These cases have been cited in an appeal, which has been made to the League of Nations for an international convention to secure for prisoners a minimum standard of decency and justice.

Wearying wait

The first condition to which members of the League of Nations will be asked to commit themselves is that every prisoner shall be entitled to a public trial within six months of arrest.

Here, again, we might be tempted to pride ourselves on the justice which prevails wherever the English tongue is spoken, but in this respect we must hang our heads in common with almost every other civilised country.

Two British sailors arrived in Liverpool a week or two ago from the United States, where they have been kept in a county jail for nearly a year, without any charge being made against them.

They had not committed any crime, but were arrested for violating the immigration laws.

According to their story, these two men were kept for nearly eleven months in one room, which they never left, even for exercise. They were herded with the criminal scum of the country.

It was only when the British Ambassador heard of the case and intervened that the men were transferred to Ellis Island, and eventually sent home.

The United States is not, of course, a member of the League of Nations, but we cannot throw stones at her.

There is to-day one well-known Member of the House of Commons who lay in Edinburgh Jail for nine months without being either charged or brought to trial during the war.

Political persecution

He was, of course, a political prisoner. The Government responsible for his incarceration was covered by the Defence of the Realm Act, but there is always some Act or Order in Council to cover the acts of any Government.

Religious persecution is, happily, largely a thing of the past, but political persecution is on the increase. Red Governments are making white martyrs, and white Governments are making red martyrs, and the seeds of conflict are being sown.

John Howard died in Russia one hundred and fifty years ago, after a life spent in the service of prisoners of all nations.

It is one hundred years since Elizabeth Fry made herself the friend of prisoners, and a power with prison administrators, in other lands besides her own.

It was eighty years ago that Gladstone made his famous exposure and denunciation of the barbarities practised on political prisoners in the underground dungeons of Naples.

It is a hundred years, too, since Silvio Pellico showed the futility of barbarous prison treatment, which makes the offender a hero and the punishment a title of honour.

Individual reformers have done much, but their day has passed.

Menace to peace

The International Prison Commission, which meets only once in five years, has done little or nothing to remedy injustices which are a disgrace to civilised countries and a constant menace to peace.

We have reached a point in international relationships where we cannot regard these problems as the domestic concern of the countries concerned.

There should be at least a full enquiry. Until public opinion is informed on this matter there is always the danger that strong expression may be mistaken for strong judgment and violent phrase for grounded conviction.

It isnt Geneva that the conscience of Europe must find expression, and it is clearly the duty of the British Government to raise this matter at the next convention.

* * *

Have you entered for "The People's" Great New Football Competition—the fairest ever offered? (See "The People" next Sunday.)

WHOLESALE FRAUDS on INCOME-TAX PAYERS

Legalised Highway Robbery

"It is a crying scandal that legislation by which the subject is taxed should appear in the Statute Book in such an unintelligible form. The people of this country are taxed by laws which they cannot understand. This is the worst example of such legislation that has ever been put upon the Statute Book."

These remarks were made by Mr. Justice Rowlatt in the King's Bench Division on June 26 in dealing with an appeal by the Special Commissioners on the subject of the Finance Act of 1927.

His words are perhaps the truest that have ever been uttered by a judge of the High Court, and his lordship is to be congratulated upon making a public protest against these grossly iniquitous income-tax laws.

These laws place the tax-paying population at the absolute mercy of a brigade of income-tax officials who do not consider the merits of each particular case with which they have to deal, but endeavour to ruthlessly carry out the letter of the law.

No right to marry

Very recently a man who was in arrears of income-tax married. He visited the collector and enquired whether he was entitled to any further allowance. The collector told him he had no right to get married, and demanded to know from whom he had bought the furniture.

On another occasion, a collector called at the house of a taxpayer demanding a large sum, with the threat that if it were not paid within twenty-four hours he would put in the bailiffs.

The taxpayer employed an accountant, and it was discovered that he had greatly overpaid; he has now been exempted until next year.

Private professional men who return an increase in income are being required to produce their pass-books. If they decline to do so, they are assessed at an excessive figure and forced to appeal to the Commissioner.

And yet another instance. During a period of domestic trouble between a man and wife an income-tax inspector actually wrote to the wife's solicitors demanding a copy of the agreement drawn up between them.

Inhuman threat

He was so persistent in his demands that the agreement had to be produced, and most intimate affairs between man and wife were bandied about in a Government department in the residential district of which both live.

Perhaps one of the most heart-breaking cases heard of during recent years was the case of Mrs. Mary Lomas, of Mardi, Glamorganshire. In October last this woman's husband fell out of work, and went to London looking for employment.

For some time Mrs. Lomas did not hear from her husband because he had difficulty in getting to London, but in the meantime she received an income-tax demand note for 2s. 7d. She did not forward the demand to her husband as she hoped to pay it.

In April of this year two men called at the house to say that unless the 2s. 7d. was paid within five days they

The Hon. Mr. Justice Rowlatt

would take a brass stand from the fireplace. This ornament had been in the family for years.

Not only was the 2s. 7d. demanded, but costs and sheriff's officers' charges brought the amount up to 8s. 1d.

Too expensive to fight

In yet another instance, a taxpayer appealed to the Commissioners against an additional assessment of £25. He won his case. The inspector of taxes appealed to the High Court, and the taxpayer was faced with the prospect of incurring heavy legal expenses, estimated at £200, if he fought the case and lost.

He was unable to meet this expense, and paid the additional assessment plus the cost of the writ.

The fact that the income-tax authorities will take the taxpayer through every court with the hope of getting the position reversed doubtlessly prevents thousands following up a perfectly good claim.

Scarcely a month goes by without some collector of taxes either being sent to jail or dismissed the service for "cooking" his accounts, and as the revenue authorities only examine the accounts of collectors once every six months it will be appreciated that there is ample opportunity for the collector to perpetrate frauds which are not discovered before ridiculously large sums of money paid by taxpayers have been misappropriated.

Some little time ago a lady who by force of circumstances is compelled to work from morning till night.

in order to maintain a home for her invalid husband, received a demand note for income-tax. This was paid promptly by cheque.

Some time afterwards she received a further demand from the collector. She discovered that the demands were identical, and as no receipt had been received, she made various endeavours to get into touch with the collector. As she was unsuccessful in doing this she stopped the cheque.

Archaic and wasteful

She consulted an advisor, who wrote several letters to the collector, but again no reply was forthcoming, and the matter was only finally settled by referring the papers to a high official.

This particular case proves that any income-tax cheque should be made payable to the "Commissioners of the Inland Revenue," and crossed "Inland Revenue Account" and not paid to the collector.

Without doubt there is the most glaring necessity for a complete revision of the system of collecting tax.

It is almost pitiful to notice that the second report of the House of Commons Select Committee on Estimates states that in the examination of Sir Ernest Gowers, chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, the latter declared to the committee that the existing system of assessment and collection is archaic and wasteful.

The only body which represents the taxpayers is the Local Commissioners of Taxes, and as these gentlemen are appointed by the Board of Inland Revenue, it will be seen that they serve very little useful purpose, for, although the inspectors of taxes are only supposed to be their expert advisers, they are in point of fact their dictators.

Without a doubt there is an insufficiency of courage amongst those who are compelled to fight the arbitrary methods of the Inland Revenue authorities, and the irony is that the money with which the revenue authorities fight these cases is paid by the British public.

What should be done

The first thing to do is to sack the satellite Government lawyers who draw up these Acts in such a form as will ensure the security of their positions, and, secondly, to set up a series of income-tax tribunals composed of taxpayers, to be elected annually by the taxpayers of each assessment district, in substitution for the present bodies of assessment commissioners.

These tribunals should have power to decide a case upon equity without involving the taxpayer in any additional legal costs.

The collectors of taxes have been called "Knights of the Blue Form," but although this may be bad enough in itself it is a heartrending thing for the public to have to realise that they would be better called "Paul Prys" or "Peeping Toms."

* * *

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A WICKED ADVERTISEMENT

by **PHILIP INMAN**

I WAS walking through the entrance-hall of my hospital when a man accosted me. "You don't remember me," he said, and I confessed that he was right. "I'm David Martin," he went on. "My wife was in here for eighteen weeks."

I am afraid I betrayed my surprise. The last time I had seen him he looked a well-set up man in middle life. Now he was bent of back, his face was heavily lined and he seemed like the ghost of his former self.

I took him into my private room, and there he told me his mission. "I've left a sick bed to come and see you," he started. He looked ill, wretchedly ill, and I asked him, "What's the trouble?"

"It's nothing much," he answered, with a faint flicker of a smile. Then, after a moment's pause, he resumed. "I've come about my wife, not myself," he said, and then he stopped.

"She's still alive?" I ventured, with surprise. "Yes," he answered, "but she's mortal bad. Her sufferings are something awful, and the doctor is coming in three times a day to give her morphia."

As we were talking together, I remembered this man's solicitude for his wife when she was in the hospital. She had come in suffering from cancer, but, alas! it was too late for much to be done.

Thirty-year pals

When that man knew the nature of his wife's illness, he asked anxiously, "Will she suffer much? I couldn't bear to see her in pain." And on another occasion, after he had seen her during a bad spasm, he said, "I'd sooner she were dead."

And then he added, sadly, "Yet when she's gone, I'll be lost without her. You see, we've been pals for thirty years."

"And why have you come to see me now?" I enquired. A light, born of excitement, came into his eyes. He took from his pocket a newspaper and gave it to me. Across the page was this heading:

HOW THE NEW CANCER DISCOVERY WAS MADE.

A FAMOUS DOCTOR ON PROLONGING THE LIFE OF INCURABLE PATIENTS.

David Martin looked on expectantly whilst I read the paragraph. Then, with a tone of wistfulness in his voice, he said, "I thought maybe it's not too late. God knows I don't want her to go on suffering, but if something could be done to prolong her life and give her peace, it would be wonderful."

"In death not divided"

Before I return to David Martin and his wife, I want to give vent to my feelings. In the strongest possible terms I wish to register an emphatic protest against the publicity that raises false hopes in the breasts of suffering men and women.

Cancer accounts to-day for one in seven of our adult population. Thousands of its victims are ready to seize upon the slightest thread that may lead to alleviation and cure.

Only the other day a woman in my hospital, who had death written on her face, pleaded to see the specialist. When he arrived, she handed to him a popular magazine. In it was an advertisement which declared, "Cancer can be cured."

If it can, then in God's name let the world know of it. It will be the most epoch-making discovery of the century. But that day, I fear, is not yet.

Cancer, taken in time, can be uprooted by means of the surgeon's knife. Cancer, when it is deep-rooted, can often be relieved by other means. But there is no universal panacea that will kill this dreaded scourge.

Philip Inman

Try as I would to soften the blow, Mr. Martin soon realised the hopelessness of his quest.

"Then I only pray that she won't linger long," muttered this man, and he added, feelingly, "But when she's gone, there'll be nothing left to live for."

David Martin had his prayer granted, but not in the way he had expected. When he reached home that day his wife was dead. It is likely that her sudden end was due to excitement at the prospect of a cure.

And within a week Mrs. Martin's husband had followed her. The shock of finding her dead was the last straw.

What does the old Book say? "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

The Sentence of the Court

MANY *SCRAPPY* RETURNS!

Our Toastmaster-General

WITH the air of a victorious Olympic athlete, ready for the crowd's plaudits, Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, Postmaster-General, pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of being a publicity nuisance.

"It is never pleasant to hurl bricks at a man who is waiting for bouquets," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "but only a person with Sir William's capacity for self-delusion would look for bouquets on the strength of his public record.

"Yet that he does expect them is shown by the manner in which he bombards the public with figures meant to prove that all is for the best in the best of all possible postal departments.

"One of these returns showed that last year a profit of ¾d. was made on every letter posted. This looks good; but if we are so impolite as to enquire further, we find that an average loss of a farthing was incurred on other classes of postal matter.

"While letters at a penny would more than pay, the restoration of penny postage is delayed by the willingness of the accused to deliver touting financial circulars, political leaflets, and other waste-paper fodder at a dead loss.

"Even stranger is the childish joy with which our simple William asks us to contemplate figures compiled to show that the use of telephones is actually increasing.

"But a fact upon which no undue emphasis is laid is that there are still 17,000,000 fewer telephones in this country than in the United States.

"In proportionate density of telephones, we stand a bad eighth on the world's list.

"In these circumstances, a Postmaster-General who can boast of the number of 'phones in use here would be capable, if he were a boxer knocked out in a fight, of proudly informing the world that he had 'come second'!"

* * *

"What precisely do critics mean," asks Mr. Strawsplitter, "when they talk of running the department on business lines?

"Is it suggested that my client should emulate the methods of a furnishing emporium and offer to deliver stamps in plain covered vans, and with a free insurance policy thrown in?

"We are told that the services should be made more attractive. Well, already the purchaser of a halfpenny stamp can fill his fountain-pen at a post-office inkwell.

"But perhaps our critics would like Sir William or his deputies to stand at the doors of post-offices so that customers might moisten stamps on their tongues."

* * *

"Although I prefer counsel's jocularity to his client's publicity," said Mr. Justice Bull, "I feel bound to mention that the inkwells at which he tells us we can help ourselves are likely to cause as much damage to our fountain-pens as the dial telephone does to our tempers.

"Any dust not needed to help clog the bureaucratic machine infallibly finds its way into post-office inkwells.

"Aided by his weird publicity experts, the Postmaster-General has lately become a Toastmaster-General. Stepping into the lime-light, glass in hand, he proposes, 'Here's to us, heaven bless us!' But the worried 'phone users would fain substitute, 'Heaven help us, for the P.M.G. won't!'

"The defects of the Department are those inevitably associated with any big business run by little men. Sir William's hobby is archery, and it seems fairly certain that he is much more interested in (William) Tell than in telephones.

"The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner's 'phone be transferred to the Holborn Exchange so that he may undergo six months' penal servitude as a dial-hard."

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£2:0:0 TO MEASURE

(NO EXTRAS FOR ANY STYLE).

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IN NAVY BLUE OR FAWN.

Post us your remittance for 29/- or 25/6 for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED

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To advertise our 36-page Catalogue of over 200 Government Bargains we are making a special offer to JOHN BULL readers of a pair of guaranteed whipcord trousers for the advertising price of 5/11

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Over 40 in. waist 1s. extra.

These are of smart cut, Dark Grey in colour, turned up bottoms and hip pocket, and so TOUGH AS IRON TO WEAR, AND WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACE SHOULD THEY FAIL. Remember, cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

HUTCHALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford, E

Words Winged to Women

A WOMAN *with* *DIRTY* WINDOWS

by MABEL HORNER

"It is the mind of youth that matters."—THE LATE MR. S. S. SHERMAN, M.A.

ONE day not long ago I met a silly woman. She was drinking tea in a quiet room, whither I had adjourned for a rest. But where I was content to read my book, glad of a moment's respite, she was noisy and fussy, hurrying and complaining to waitresses, very anxious to be off.

"I'm going to the meeting," she announced loudly; "aren't you?" I enquired what meeting and was volubly informed. It appeared that a hall in the West End had been engaged for the purpose of shocking revelations.

It appeared that the elementary schools of this country were becoming imbued with the most dreadful and revolutionary sentiments.

It appeared that, instead of turning out year by year docile and meek little Britishers who wouldn't even say "Bo" unless ordered by a goose, we were actually manufacturing a terrific lot of little Bolsheviks.

Restraining a smile, I mildly suggested that the danger was probably much exaggerated, and was instantly overwhelmed by a torrent. "The danger was real, very imminent. There was a swift poison running through the schools, and the teachers were to blame.

These new ideas . . . completely subversive of discipline . . . when we must be patriotic . . . above all things, we must be patriotic . . ."

Afraid of democracy

As she raved I glimpsed the truth. Sitting entrenched within her narrow limits, this woman understood no brand of patriotism that did not include hatred of every other nation but her own. She was comfortably off. She was afraid of democracy. She feared anything and everything new.

I returned to my book. Argument with such women is wasted. They must be left to gasp and goggle at the way the world is going. They refuse to move with it. They must be left to their darkened windows, their narrow houses of prejudice and fear, while the world moves on to wider and brighter horizons.

One only thought is disturbing. How far are such minds the result of the vicious system of teaching history in the past? And how far are we going to perpetuate and reproduce their kind by continuing vicious systems of teaching history in the present?

The late Mr. S. S. Sherman, B.A., B.Sc., Joint Author of "The League of Nations School Book"

This thought is disturbing educationists on both sides the water. When 7,000 delegates from two hemispheres gathered recently at Los Angeles for the world's tenth Sunday School Convention a better note was struck.

"If we are sincere," said Dr. Poole, the president, "when we pray 'Thy kingdom come,' we must teach the children of the world that friendships are better national protection than battleships; that ballots are better than bullets, and that law is more final than war.

"We must insist in our teaching that co-operation is the deepest law of life. The children must be taught that conscience should come before coupons; duties before dividends, and men before money."

All over the world to-day teachers are saying the same thing. But they feel themselves hampered by the old-fashioned school-books, especially the history-books from which they have to teach.

A better book has been prepared. The joint authors are Robert Jones, Doctor of Science and Economics, and S. S. Sherman, B.A., B.Sc., whose tragic death from a boating accident was reported the other day.

It is called "The League of Nations School Book." It does not tell of world progress by a series of battles, but of the world's progress by the mighty and peaceful achievements of men. It is the story of life and the story of man. It has pictures that are thrillingly adventurous for the mind of youth.

It shows how men may work together instead of being trained to fight and murder one another. It shows the guardian of our peace and safety to be the law and not the gun.

Every child's text-book

The invention of the "steam-horse," the telegraph, the laying of the Atlantic cable, the coming of telephones, wireless, motor-cars, the Channel and Atlantic flights, are the dates to be memorised, not who won at the battle of Bannockburn nor how the field was arranged at Waterloo.

Concentration on battles breeds the warlike mind that to-day has become a nuisance too intolerable to be borne. We can change it by changing the class of teaching given to the children.

This little book, attractive, so cheap and so true, does not ignore war. It says a great deal about it and how to avoid it. That is the crux. It must become the text-book of every child in every school.

It only needs for every woman with real patriotic love of country to insist and it will be done. As for the women whose windows are darkened by the other sort, they are a diminishing number; they will soon die out.

SOME *SILLY* SAYINGS

"John Bull" *Corrects Them*

MOST people like pithy sayings. Every nation has its storehouse full. Some, like the proverbs, contain the quintessence of wisdom; others, epigrams born of philosophy, are worth pondering.

More amusing are the traditional quips born of the experience of working folk. "A stitch in time saves nine" holds homely truth. "Look before you leap" and "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves" are homely warnings against rashness and extravagance.

The sayings JOHN BULL has no patience with are those which teach hopeless resignation in circumstances that clearly call for a bit of human effort to make them better.

Poor consolation

"Ah well, it is God's will" is poor consolation when a child is dead through epidemic illness that might have been prevented if drains had been looked after better. "It can't be helped" is a silly sort of saying nine times out of ten.

Human brains were given to use. Most of the ills from which humanity suffers could be and ought to be prevented. And when ill does come, it can usually be mitigated.

This is what JOHN BULL sets out to do in the great offer of the Free Insurance Scheme. To those who take advantage of the offer it softens blows, takes the keen edge from difficulty, and instead of saying, "It is God's will. It cannot be helped. Be resigned," sets about doing the helping on its own account.

Only those dealing with the daily post-bag know how varied are the calls. Mr. J. Hunt, newsagent, of Upham, near Southampton, had a small fire. Mr. William Rogers, of 193, High Street, Cefn Coed, near Merthyr, Glam., suffered an incapacitating fracture.

So did Mrs. Hannah Bolfield, of 83, Moor Street, West Bromwich. She was merely taking out clothes to dry in the garden when she tripped over a brick lying there. She fell quite heavily and really hurt her face as well as breaking her arm. Nasty accidents both, but liable to happen at any moment to any housewife.

• • •

Fill up one of those "Bullets" coupons on page 31, and fill up your pockets too. £400 heads this week's attractive prize-list.

It is this liability to sudden, unexpected accident *in the home, while carrying out the everyday household work*, that makes it simple prudence for every man and woman to insure.

Since every thinking man and woman in the country already reads JOHN BULL it seems amazing that they should refrain from taking the simple step of signing and handing in registration forms.

The stitch in time

This is the stitch in time that saves nine. It is taking care of the pence that the pounds may take care of themselves. In fact, to pay the weekly twopence for the paper and not sign the form is equal to throwing away the pounds that help in time of trouble.

How these pounds help is best told in readers' own words. "Please accept my sincere thanks for the cheque received on Saturday," writes Mrs. Parker, of 44, Brocklurst Street, Walsall.

"I can assure you that it has been a great help to me as my illness has been a severe burden on me financially, entailing as it did the suspension of my husband from his employment while he had only obtained two months work after a long period of unemployment."

Human Documents

HAUNTED *by* DOUBT

A Missing Will—Suspicious Surroundings—A Strange Change

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelope. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"MY sister married and lived happily with her husband until they took a woman lodger. After a while my brother-in-law's manner changed and he became a brute towards his wife.

"It seemed that his absurd infatuation had entirely changed his perspective.

"Matters reached such a pass that the woman was obliged to leave. After her departure my brother-in-law behaved differently and the home atmosphere reverted more or less to its former happy state until my sister heard of the woman's return to the town.

"Correspondence passed between my brother-in-law and the former lodger, and the latter took to visiting the house in order to see my sister's husband, but ignored her presence altogether.

"These visits became frequent, and my sister, realising that her husband was once more under the influence of the woman who had ensnared him before, tired of remonstrating and decided to disregard the whole affair.

"Unfortunately, there was no sign that the guilty pair were tiring of their liaison, and my sister often had to leave them in the house together on the occasions she paid a visit to her friend.

"One particular evening this friend urged my sister to order the interloper out of the house, but she merely smiled and said, 'Oh! leave them alone; he will come to his senses one day.'

"ON her return, before retiring that night, my sister took her customary glass of stout, and although she had hitherto enjoyed excellent health, she was extremely ill by the morning, and her face was almost black with vomiting.

"My brother-in-law made no move to summon medical aid or to notify me, and it was a neighbour who sent for a doctor, who ordered her removal to hospital and persuaded the husband to send for me.

"Unfortunately, I was ill myself and could not go, but I did not dream the poor girl was so near her death.

"She had not been in her grave one week before her husband was living openly with the other woman!

"Her husband's utter indifference to my dear sister's tragic fate is causing me much uneasiness, and I often wonder whether the lack of prompt attention at the onset of her illness was not responsible for the fatal issue.

"This thought persistently haunts me so that I cannot rest."

"HUMANIST" says: *I readily understand and sympathise, but rest assured that if prompt action could have saved your sister the doctor would not have delayed its application by first sending her to the hospital.*

* * *

"AT ten years of age my grandmother died, and I was given to understand that on attaining my majority my grandmother's money would pass to myself, but when I was nineteen, the lady who was appointed executor died, and the solicitor's name was unknown to me.

Doubtful Heritage

"My mother was an only child and she died when I was twenty; therefore, as I was already married, my husband and I went home to my father's house.

"Neither was working and my father used to drink, which he continued to do till the time of his death, thirteen months later.

"The day before his death my father told me that, owing to my husband's idleness, he had arranged with the solicitor that the legacy should be tied up in such a manner that my baby would inherit it at sixteen, and he had given the documents relating to the matter to his brother.

"The strange thing is that, despite the fact that for fifteen months he had not done a stroke of work, my father contrived to pay everything and always had a pound or two in his pocket.

"He explained that his brother gave him the money, but he also told me that if ever I was in financial difficulty my uncle would likewise assist me, and when my father lay dead my uncle gave £60 to defray the funeral expenses.

"Where he obtains this money is something I cannot explain, because he has a family to support and for the last four years has scarcely done any work.

"My request to see the papers my father gave into his care met with blank refusal, and I do not know the name of the solicitor who acted for my grandmother."

"HUMANIST" says: *Write to the Record Keeper, Principal Probate Registry, Somerset House, Strand, W.C., for a copy of the will, which you can obtain on payment of a nominal fee. If your surmise is correct, everyone but the right person seems to be benefiting under your late grandmother's will.*

* * *

"I AM a married man with one child and my mother is a widow. During the early days of my marriage every effort was made for my mother's comfort, but the arrangement that she should live with us was a failure, and I purchased two small cottages, one for myself and the other I let to my mother at a low rental.

Wayward Mother

"She took in men lodgers and I was pleased to think that every one was settled and contented.

"In course of time, however, my mother made the acquaintance of a man who, after a while, went to live at the house and the other boarders had to leave.

"She is in receipt of a good pension in respect of a brother killed in the war and is in comfortable circumstances.

"What is now troubling me is this man's presence in the house, for the circumstances are distinctly suspicious.

"If he married my mother I would have no objection, but as things are at present I deeply resent his occupying a house which is my property and enjoying comforts to which he is not entitled.

"If my mother should fall sick, it would not be possible to gain admittance, as was the case on a former occasion when the door was bolted against us.

"I should be sorry if my mother lost her pension, but I am strongly tempted to report the matter to the authorities."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your objection is a reasonable one, since the house is your property, but you must not forget your mother pays you rent. It is, of course, open to you to give her the alternative of telling the man to go or to seek other accommodation. That I must leave to you, but I do not recommend you to report to the pensions authorities.*

"SOME years ago the wife of a dear friend of mine died, leaving three boys and a girl of thirteen. After consulting with his relatives it was decided to engage a housekeeper.

Changed by Marriage

"My friend selected a girl who gave every promise of proving reliable and suitable in every way.

"No fault could be found with her management. Meals were always ready to time and well-cooked, the house tidy and clean—in fact, she proved a model housekeeper.

"After twelve months, my friend, thinking his children would gain a good mother, proposed marriage and was duly accepted.

"But, alas! her one desire now is for pleasure. Her former devotion to household tasks has given place to a passion for garden-parties, whist-drives and the like.

"Instead of well-cooked meals and a bright fire to greet the tired workers on their return, no meal and a cheerless interior is their welcome.

"The explanation is that she has been their drudge long enough; now she will do as she thinks fit. The boys declare they will seek lodgings if there is not a speedy alteration, and my friend is at his wit's end to know what to do."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your friend has my sympathy. He should have a straight talk with his wife and appeal to the tender side of her nature which animated her earlier impulse to fill the dead mother's place by kindly offices. He should agree to a reasonable amount of pleasure, which is everyone's due.*

* * *

Mother-in-Law Again!

"My mother-in-law, with a story of the unkind treatment of her other sons and daughters, persuaded me to take her in. Now she is creating much misery in my home, and says I cannot turn her out because of the letter I wrote offering her a welcome with us. Is this correct?"

"Humanist" says: *No. You are not legally responsible for your mother-in-law's maintenance, and as she has abused your hospitality by causing discord, ask her to seek other accommodation.*

Fickle Lover

"I was courted by a boy for five years and spent quite a lot towards the future home. On the day we had arranged to inspect some furniture, I saw my fiancé with another girl, and the next day he broke off the engagement. Can I sue him for breach of promise?"

"Humanist" says: *Doubtless you could, but I do not advise it. You have lost very little in surrendering a life-partner who could treat you so shabbily. You are entitled to the ring, if you have any wish to retain such a memento!*

Paltry

"My friend, who is unmarried, is paying 4s. 6d. towards the support of his illegitimate child. He feels this a drain and wonders if he could take the child from its mother with whom it has always lived and have it adopted?"

"Humanist" says: *No. The mother is the legal custodian, and I consider the man's suggestion cruel and selfish in the extreme. He must continue his little contribution, which can scarcely pay for the child's food, irrespective of clothing.*

Common Forms of INDIGESTION

Whatever form your Indigestion may take Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory & Moore, will relieve it. Here are a few instances:—

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HUNGER PAIN.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the only things I know of that take away that intense 'Hunger Pain' which is such acute suffering" (medical man).

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/- of all Chemists.

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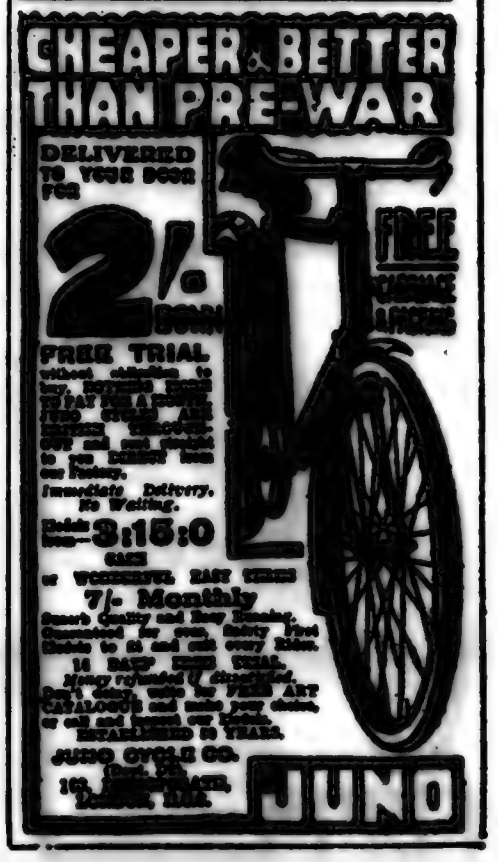

OH! WHAT SKINNY LEGS!

How to cover ugly bones and joints with fine, firm flesh.

Slimness is all very well, but who wants to look a living skeleton? Yet how often on beaches and tennis courts do you see men and women who'd look a hundred times better and more attractive if only they could put on a few pounds of flesh to cover up their ugly bones.

Here's good news for all such people. There's a way *anybody* can put on just the flesh they need. They've only got to go to any chemist and ask for McCoy's Tablets. They are already an enormous success. One man in Holyhead put on 20 lbs. in a month, a lady at Forest Gate 6 lbs., another 15 lbs. in six weeks, one at Darlington 8 lbs. in four weeks, till "now everyone says how well I'm looking," and so on all over the country.

McCoy's Tablets will do the same for you. There's no risk, for every box is sold with a definite guarantee that the makers will refund your money if you don't put on at least 3 lbs. with one month's treatment as prescribed.

Only 1s. 3d. and 3s. at all chemists, but be sure you get McCoy's, the original and only genuine. Refuse substitutes, and in case of difficulty write direct to McCoy's Laboratories, Norwich.

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Our Letter Parliament

PUT UP *the* SHUTTERS!

Forestalling Disease—Keep Them at Home—Punish the Litterers

IF the Government would really like to know if the law is an ass or not, it should read the article by the Marquess of Donegall in JOHN BULL, August 4. Too long have we been the comedians on the world's stage, and the time is long past that the curtain was rung down. None but an imbecile Legislature would perpetuate the utterly absurd and idiotic restrictions imposed on shopkeepers and the public. They are at once a menace to trade progress and a foster-mother to law-breaking.—*Shopkeeper, Warminster.*

The Lady in the Case

On the day the able article regarding "Dora," by the Marquess of Donegall appeared in JOHN BULL, a woman was fined 40s. in Aberdeen for selling two apples after 8 p.m. Sheriff Laing, in delivering judgment, remarked: "Apples caused the downfall of another lady." This statement may be quite true, but it does not apply to the Aberdeen shopkeeper. "Dora" was to blame for her "downfall."—*Sandy, Edinburgh.*

One-sided Liberty

The Marquess of Donegall obviously never had any experience in running a little general business. Why should shops be open after eight? So that liberty-loving but absent-minded subjects may buy goods after eight? What about the rights of the shopkeeper to enjoy a little of this liberty? One shop open in a district would inevitably mean that others would have to remain open; and, anyway, shops open all day and night would not increase the amount of money to be spent by one cent!—*Bed and Work, Ilkeston.*

Bad Omission

Why should a one-man business, even though he be very ambitious, be allowed to remain open all night, as the Marquess of Donegall advocates. On the surface, it would seem in order, but the competitors employing assistants would decidedly keep open as well; therefore, the employee's hours would never be at an end. The only reasonable complaint against the Shop Hours Act is that it fails to state definitely the number of hours to be worked in any one stretch by an assistant.—*C. B. G., Ilkeston.*

Last-Minute Laggards

As a lather-boy, I worked in a barber's saloon at an early age, and the biggest nuisance was the customer who came in at the last minute. The same thing occurred when I became a grocer's assistant. Then I became a mechanic and work was often delayed by the arrival of the last-minute man. Now I am a hospital patient, and my rest is often disturbed by the arrival after time of those who have had a day out! "Dora" may have her bad points, but she has good ones as well.—"*Last Minute*," *Hyde.*

Cigar or Choc.

The Early Closing Act is a direct hindrance to private enterprise. I often have to refuse business because it is a little after eight o'clock. And it serves no useful purpose to assistants. The other evening I was walking with a friend and I thought that I would like a cigar. I went to a shop which sold tobacco and sweets, but as it was after eight, I had to be refused, though the assistant could have sold me a bar of chocolate! How does this arrangement benefit the assistant?—*W. B. J., Hockley.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published and one guinea for the most original and constructive. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Prevention Better

Hospitals would be greatly relieved if everyone underwent a periodical medical examination. The system has been widely adopted in America and Canada, to such advantage that insurance societies find it profitable to pay the examination fees. From 1920 to 1927, periodical examinations have advanced from one million to seventeen, and experience has proved that in one-third of apparently healthy people there are unsuspected physical defects or incipient diseases which can be forestalled by prompt treatment.—*A. A., Holme.*

[The above letter has been awarded the special prize of one guinea.]

Fracious Figures

Does any housewife accept the cost-of-living figures as accurate? As a rule, when we read that the percentage shows a drop, the lady of the house declares prices have risen! I suggest that the Department concerned should issue a list showing exactly how the 100 per cent. figure was arrived at, and when publishing the figures each month, give, in ample detail, the actual figures of the rise or fall in the prices of the commodities responsible.—*Blue Book, Cardiff.*

Unjust Penalising

The Government's decision to stabilise all war pensions at prevailing rates must be a matter of the utmost satisfaction to JOHN BULL, whose consistent advocacy in this connection has undoubtedly influenced official opinion. It is hoped that your insistent demand for the abolition of the seven years' time-limit for pension claims will be answered, as this unjust measure directly penalises unfortunate ex-Servicemen in whom may be developing neurasthenia, war neurosis, or even tuberculosis, due to war service.—*S. L., Glasgow.*

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"LEEDS MERCURY."—"The bride wore a white lace frock OVER BELL PINK GEORGETTE."

"BRISTOL EVENING NEWS."—"Thousands of glittering cars were scattered over the fight with people on the roof SHAVING THEIR LUNCHEON."

"BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS."—"A straight line is the shortest distance BETWEEN TWO PINTS."

"SPORTING PINK."—"When he did go he recalled it AND STOOD QUIETLY FLAT FOOTED."

"DARTMOUTH AND SOUTH HAMS CHRONICLE."—"The bride's gift was . . . and that of the bridegroom to the bride WAS HELD AT CLARENCE STREET."

"DALTON'S WEEKLY."—"Very old plaster and thatch cottage. . . . Suitable for poultry OR PRIVATE GENTLEMAN."

"DAILY MAIL" (Advt.).—"Isle of Man for Happy Holidays. Special June attraction, INCLUDING HIGHLAND GAMES, JULY 16th."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS."—"Mr. —— to-day accepted the office of Bailiff of ——, thus creating 95 MILES AN HOUR SPELL."

Shops or Houses?

"This house for sale. Suitable for shop property!" We often see this announcement in the windows of empty houses. Yet we have too many shops, and not enough houses these days. If a house is originally built as a house, why cannot it remain as a house, and thus help relieve the housing shortage.—*G. G., Burnley.*

Speed-Limit Farce

The new law regarding the speed limit for motor coaches is as big a farce as the old one? When an official of a leading charabanc firm states that he "is afraid that to keep to schedule, it will be exceeded," it is holding the new regulation up to ridicule. Whether or not all are agreed on the twenty-mile limit, it must be enforced.—*G. S., Bellingham.*

Working Mother's Cry

When are we going to have day nurseries in Manchester, where mothers can leave a child any age from one to four? I have trudged about looking for some such haven where little ones are cared for, kept in God's fresh air, not in some dark and dismal school-room. Do let us have some place with one or two good women in charge to care for our babies during our enforced absence.—*C. T., Manchester.*

Home First

I have received from a friend in New Zealand a letter in which is this remark: "I don't know why they keep sending people out here, as there is much unemployment." If this is true, those responsible for colonisation must rouse themselves. Surely, by spending money now on a system of Government farms, we could use our own men and brains in England, at the same time opening out a market for agricultural implements, etc., and increasing the home consumption of other goods.—*L. S., Tyldesley.*

Then and Now

Mr. A. G. Gardiner says (JOHN BULL, August 4) that the cost of transporting great masses of people thousands of miles across the sea puts emigration out of the question. During the war, great masses of men were sent all over the world and nothing thought of it. The price paid then was for destruction. Cannot we pay the price to-day for reconstruction?—*E. A. G., Upton Park, E.*

Young Burden-Bearers

Mr. A. F. Holt (JOHN BULL, August 4) is mistaken in thinking that an extra year's schooling better equips a child for anything under the present system of education. The last year at school my girl was running errands and keeping tidy the cupboards, etc. Raise the school-leaving age when the standard of work to be taught is raised, but at fourteen a child should help to bear the burden of its upbringing.—*N. B., Derby.*

Lesson for Litterers

I read that, in spite of polite requests to holiday-makers, the litter left about in the public parks and open spaces during the August Bank Holiday was worse than ever. I would suggest that when caught in the act, the names and addresses of offenders should be taken and that they should be compelled to present themselves at the nearest police-station the following morning, and, armed with baskets, be obliged to spend a few hours picking up the litter left about. I am sure that this punishment would be needed only once, and the lesson would be strongly brought home to others besides themselves.—*W. M. J., Palmers Green.*

An IMPORTANT Announcement by Cadbury Bros. Ltd.

WE have just perfected a new kind of chocolate—the Chocolate Sandwich—which enables us to offer to the public greatly increased value in chocolate confectionery. This new Sandwich is made up of a number of chocolates with delicious centres, in slab form. Each division of chocolate is complete in itself; so that you can break off one or more at a time as desired. This Sandwich combines all the delights of loose chocolates with the economy and great value of the famous Cadbury ½-lb. Blocks. Simplified manufacturing processes have enabled us to give excellent quality at the price of 6d. a packet.

There are five varieties:—
Almond Toffee, Nougat,
Scotch Caramel,
Truffle,
Creme.

CADBURY'S 6D CHOCOLATE SANDWICHES

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

CES & CAMBS

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS.
NO WAY BARRED.

* * *

DAILY S.P. LETTER
BUSINESS A SPECIALITY
NO DEDUCTIONS.

No Limit on Singles, Doubles, Accumulators.

* * *

MOST LIBERAL ODDS — FOOTBALL — *COMBINED WITH SECURITY*

FOOTBALL

LISTS ON APPLICATION. — *"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."*

Write To-day—Don't Delay.

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

"... safe as the Bank."
JOHN BULL, 24th March, 1928.

Why not back your fancy with

"THE BIG TWO"

DAVID COPE

and

ALFRED H. MAURICE
LTD.

227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

RACING.

Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount.

Winnings by return.

Best Prices on FUTURES.

FOOTBALL.

Send at once for the novel and up-to-date

"CHALLENGER" CREDIT COUPONS

NOTHING STARRED.
NOTHING BARRED.

A Tip for the

FINAL "CLASSIC"

Cyclonic to beat Fairway

I SOUNDED a warning a week or so ago about Fairway and the St. Leger, who I considered, with the question of his stamina in doubt, at a false price for the last of the "Classics."

AS a result I have received numerous enquiries for one to beat Lord Derby's champion—and Felstead. There is still the best part of a month before the Doncaster race is decided, but for those willing to risk mishaps in training I suggest Cyclonic.

A NEWMARKET friend told me that although Cyclonic's stamina was unquestionable, he did not think that Major Courtauld's colt would ever beat Fairway unless the latter proved that he could not stay a yard more than a mile and a half. His views are mine, but I am confident that Fairway will not last out.

LIKE the majority of the sons of Hurry On, Cyclonic needs a deal of work before being really fit, and strong handling, but he possesses the Flamingo pluck. It is more than likely that R. Jones, who rode him at Goodwood—when he won in smashing style in spite of the welter weight of 9st. 10lb.—will be up, although, of course, Orme usually rides for the stable.

CAP-A-PIE, with 8st. 4lb., has been given a great chance to win the Ebor again, and emulate the feat of Flint Jack. He is certainly not over-weighted, but the general impression is that the gelding's object is the Cesarewitch, a race, by the way, which has seldom, if ever, been captured by an Ebor winner. My own fancy is for Glenhazel, allotted 7st. 3lb. This is a feather-weight for a big, strapping fellow who has been carrying 9st. over long distances and winning.

THE Gimcrack Stakes should be easy for Rojgrey, who Peacock trains for Sir E. Tate. This youngster is one of the best they have had in the North for some years.

GOING through my notes, I came across some interesting facts about the Northern meeting. Sport in the Cathedral city dates back centuries. A few days before her death Queen Anne won a plate, value fourteen sovereigns.

GIMCRACK, who was chosen by the Yorkshiremen to perpetuate a two-year-old race, was a queer choice, for he was a South country horse, bred by a Hampshire man. But he was worthy of the honour and won twenty-seven of his thirty-five races, most of which were run over four miles. Late on in his career, the little wonder horse was purchased by a French Count, who took him across the water and pocketed a small fortune by betting that he would gallop twenty-two miles within an hour, a feat which he accomplished.

THERE are less likely things than that The Hermit II. will develop into a strong French fancy for the Cambridgeshire and become the hope of the Macomber stable. Insight II. has been sent over to England after many travels to school the younger horse in his work, and there could hardly be a better coach than this one. He won the race in 1926, and many people are of the opinion that he pipped the dead-heaters, Medal and Niantic, last year. The judge thought otherwise, but it will always be a subject of controversy.

I NOTICE that Kantar, who is owned in partnership by Lord Derby and Mr. Ogden Mills, is one of the eleven entries received from Paris for the Cambridgeshire. This colt created a stir when he beat Balmoral—considered their best two-year-old—at Deauville last back-end. He showed there was no fluke in the victory when the pair met again in the Grand Criterium at Longchamps. He won the second time by a length and a half.

W. C. Earl, trainer of Rose Marie

THE Kempton Park executive is giving the late start a try-out, and it will be interesting to see how the venture fares at a mid-week fixture. The programme is attractive, but winners do not look easy to spot. Rose Marie, one of the unluckiest of losers at Goodwood, should take the Princess Plate on the second day, and I suggest Mr. Joel's three-year-old be coupled with The Black Abbot.

MY motto for Windsor is, Follow the favourites. It is a bookmaker's advice—not the guide a punter would take in the usual course of events—but it pays at the Berkshire meeting. Cramick and Economy should be noted on Saturday.

NEXT week Football will be under way once more, and, thanks to the generosity of a number of Sunday and daily newspapers, thousands can be won if one can correctly forecast a number of matches. I am afraid I am not a guiding star in this direction, but the JOHN BULL football expert will give his selections in due course—and I should also like to call attention to *The Sporting Life* Weekly Edition, which, for the first time, has incorporated a football section.

THE Editor tells me that he is more than satisfied with the reception of the first issue, and he expects next Saturday's publication to sell like hot cakes. He has a staff of "Soccer" experts handling the special section, who are accepted authorities and know the game inside out. In addition to special articles devoted to the League clubs, team changes, transfers and prospects, the guide has several features which competition fans cannot afford to be without. *The Sporting Life* Racing and Football Weekly Edition, although forty pages, is the usual price—twopence.

"SILVER RING."

TWO coded selections will be given *daily in the "Sporting Life."*

G X A O G H Y K 3 V T U R 2
J B D I M Z E L F P W O N S

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line, as the case may be. VDNW URY would read PART ONE.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, August 15, to Tuesday, August 21.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

* * *

If you want information that will help you to win Big Football Prizes, read the exclusive features in "The Sporting Life," Racing and Football Weekly Edition. Now on sale, 2d.

ACID STOMACHS ARE DANGEROUS.

How to get quick relief.

Indigestion is not only painful, but if neglected soon becomes dangerous. Excess stomach acid and fermenting food irritate the delicate stomach lining, form gas, and, by interfering with proper nourishment, actually break down health. The surest, quickest, and only logical way to relieve indigestion is to neutralise the acid and stop the food fermentation which causes it; and 'Bisurated' Magnesia will do this instantly. The sour fermented stomach contents are sweetened, the acid-inflamed stomach lining is soothed, natural healthy stomach conditions are restored, and painless, healthful digestion follows at once. 'Bisurated' Magnesia removes the cause of indigestion and gives relief from the most severe attack in less than five minutes. Get a 1s. 3d. package from your chemist to-day, either powder or tablets, and see how quickly you get complete stomach comfort.

This **FREE BOOK shews you the road to INDEPENDENCE**

It explains quite clearly how you can earn pounds every week by making all kinds of lovely fashion articles of wool, silk or artificial silk on the wonderful IMPERIA KNITTER. To read it is to realise the great opportunity of achieving the independence and feeling of security that everyone longs for.

Behind the IMPERIA KNITTER is the Firm's GUARANTEE to buy your work at highest rates. Whether you devote only a portion of your spare time to the work or make it your full time occupation you know that every moment spent at the IMPERIA KNITTER is profitable to you. So write for this BIG FREE BOOK that gives the fullest details and proof.

IMPERIA HOSIERY MNFG. CO. LTD.
(Dept. J.B.,) 97, Great Ian Road, London, W.C.1.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who are bald or losing hair and who acquired a new vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Heller when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. H. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, hair patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 M.K.), London, W.1.

HARDINGS INVALID CARS

Hand Propelled and Motor Driven from £12, carr. paid. Also Bath and Pole Chairs from £6. Please mention this Paper.

R. A. HARDING (Dept. J.), 1, Hanover St., Bath.

IMPORTANT PRICE REDUCTION OF Exide BATTERIES.

Exide again leads the way. Continuously increasing demand, making possible still larger production, has resulted in these lower prices which became effective on August 15th. These new prices make Exide value better than ever.

OBTAINABLE FROM STOCK AT ALL EXIDE SERVICE STATIONS & REPUTABLE DEALERS.

Ask for Leaflet M15.

NEW PRICES from AUG. 15th.

2-Volt Cells in Celluloid Boxes.

Type.	Capacity.	Old Price.	New Price.
1-CZ 2	20 a.h.	£0 11 3	£0 9 6
,, 3	30 ,,	0 13 6	0 11 6
,, 4	40 ,,	0 16 0	0 13 6
,, 5	50 ,,	0 18 6	0 15 6
,, 6	60 ,,	1 1 0	0 17 6
1-CX5	75 ,,	1 4 6	1 1 6
,, 6	90 ,,	1 8 0	1 4 6
,, 7	105 ,,	1 11 6	1 7 6
,, 8	120 ,,	1 15 0	1 10 6
1-HZ2	40 ,,	0 17 6	0 13 0
,, 3	60 ,,	1 1 0	0 17 6
,, 4	80 ,,	1 4 6	1 2 0

2-Volt Cells in Glass Boxes.

1-CZG 2	20 a.h.	0 11 6	0 9 6
,, 3	30 ,,	0 13 6	0 11 6
,, 4	40 ,,	0 16 0	0 13 6
,, 5	50 ,,	New size	0 15 6
,, 6	60 ,,	1 1 0	0 17 6
1-WZG 2	40 ,,	0 17 6	0 13 0
,, 3	60 ,,	1 1 0	0 17 6
,, 4	80 ,,	1 4 6	1 2 0

These Batteries can also be obtained in 4- and 6-Volt Assemblies, at correspondingly reduced prices.

Exide Unspillable Cells for portable sets are also reduced from this date.

Advt. of The Chloride Electrical Storage Co. Ltd., Clifton Junction, Manchester

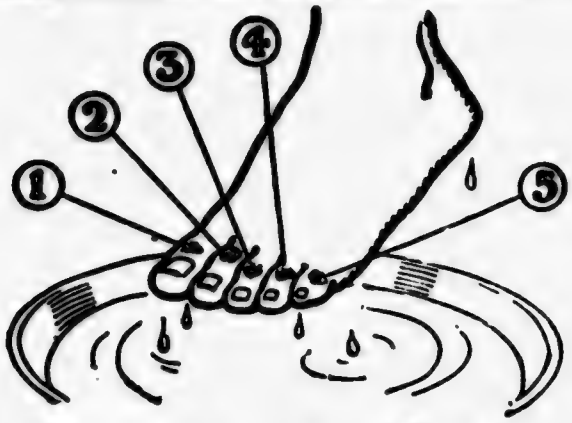
Velox prints please

Do you wish your snapshots to have brilliance, life, sparkle? Then have your films printed on Velox Paper. Ask in so many words for "*Velox Prints.*" The name Velox is lightly printed on the back of each piece of paper.

VELOX PRINTS

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR SNAPSHOTS

ALL THE WAY FROM THE SUN!
Have "Skippers" to-morrow. There's sunshine in these dainty little fish. For the sun on the sea, multiplying the food on which "Skippers" thrive, makes them plump and delicious. "Skippers" are rich in sunshine vitamins and energising nourishment.
"Skippers"
IN PUREST OLIVE OIL OR CHOICE TOMATO
ANGUS WATSON & Co., Limited.
wcastle-upon-Tyne.



Five Corns on Each Foot

Completely Removed with Radox.

You can't have too many corns for Radox. You can't have corns too stubborn for Radox. A few Radox foot-baths so soften the hard skin that the worst corn can be simply lifted out, root and all, between finger and thumb. Read this letter:

"I had five corns (not callouses) on each foot, and after using Radox Bath Salts as directed for three nights in succession, I removed them all and was able to walk in perfect comfort. I can honestly say I had spent pounds on different supposed cures, but nothing but Radox had the desired effect. If at any time I have any hard skin or uneasy feet now, I find that the use of Radox once is sufficient"
July 15th, 1928. *A. J. M.*

When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.
Ask for Radox at your chemist's. Price 1/6 per 1-lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half pound pink packet*

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."
E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, LTD., 68, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women, and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (287Z), 69, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (287Z), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

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Please write plainly.

As you like it

ANZORA stands no nonsense. Rub a little into your hair then part it where you wish, or brush it straight back. You will have no more trouble for the rest of the day.

ANZORA CREAM, for greasy scalps, and ANZORA VIOLA, for dry scalps, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.

ANZORA *Masters the Hair!*

CUTICURA

Best For Both Mother And Child

Regular use of the **Soap**, assisted by the **Ointment** when required, not only cleanses and purifies the skin of children and adults, but tends to prevent clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples and other unsightly conditions.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter House St., London, E.C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

Indigestion

Relieved in 5 Minutes

THERE is a method of dealing with Indigestion and its attendant ills that is quick, safe and certain—it is the Yeast-Vite way! If you feel heavy and depressed after meals, or suffer from flatulence, biliousness, heartburn, etc., take one or two Yeast-Vite Tablets and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes. Composed of pure medicinal yeast, vitamins, and other valuable ingredients, Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets bring relief by natural means, and quickly induce a buoyant feeling of extreme vigour.

Yeast-Vite will also afford immediate relief for Headaches, Neuralgia, Dizziness, Depression, Colds, etc.

At all Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per bottle

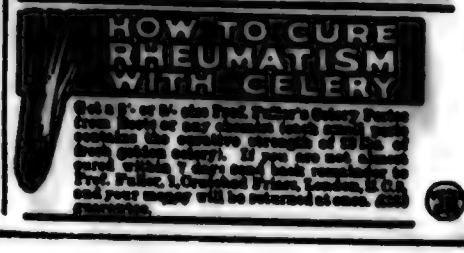
Always carry a Bottle with you

Irvings *CAUTION.—See the name Irving's on every carton and bottle of Yeast-Vite tablets. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.*

YEAST-VITE
TONIC TABLETS
The Lightning Pick-me-up

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, 12-16, LAYSTALL ST., LONDON, E.C.1.

This week's
POSTAL BARGAINS
appear on
PAGE 22.



TO MAKE A PERFECT CUSTARD

the exact quantity of Custard Powder must be used. To ensure this we have produced a 4½d. carton of Foster Clark's Custard containing 6 separate pint packets; each containing the exact quantity to make a pint Custard to perfection.

Foster Clark's Cream Custard

JOHN BULL Replies

NO one loves paying income-tax. One real reason for objection is that the demands are so difficult to understand: even learned judges at times admit themselves baffled. Only experts understand them. To obtain this expert advice, send particulars of your demand (written in ink), with stamped, addressed envelope, to JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service. Valuable expert advice is yours for the asking.*

* * * * * *

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

B. H. (Coalbridge).—"One can't get anything without taking trouble." Except trouble.

V. O. (Oldham).—"Growlers are obsolete." Your letter proves the contrary.

TYRO (Bristol).—"Judging from the story I send you, am I a Dickens or a Thackeray?" You are not.

D. S. T. (Ipswich).—"Now I'll give you a piece of my mind." Don't. You can't spare it, sonny.

F. N. (Headingley).—"I dress very quietly." Even when you can't find your collar-stud?

L. T. (Yarm).—"The devil finds mischief still for idle hands to do." We didn't ask you to write to us.

MISS F. (Cambridge).—"After all, what are kisses worth?" Only their face value.

F. M. (Swansea).—"Aren't you an advocate of shorter hours?" No, sixty-minute ones suit us very well.

T. M. O. (Camberwell).—"Even lunatics can work." Oh, some of them are not so crazy as that.

B. R. (Hull).—"The play ended happily." Possibly you mean you were happy when it ended.

B. P. (Dronfield).—"I never loved a girl before." The point is, How many are you going to love after.

M. V. (Manchester).—"Do cats keep you awake at night?" We never eat cats.

H. L. R. (Boston).—"I would trust him with my life." But would you trust him with anything of value?

L. R. (W. Bromwich).—"Anyone but an idiot can make his meaning clear." We don't understand your letter.

H. P. S. (Dartford).—"I broke my stick over his head, but it was an accident." Of course, you didn't mean to break the stick.

N. R. C. (Dunstable).—"As I rose to make my speech, the excited audience rose with me." And who got to the exit first?

N. W. (Hampton Wick).—"I can swim as far as Kingston Bridge." We decline to believe Kingston Bridge swims at all.

A. P. (Dover).—"I am sending you an article, 'Why I am alive.'" You wouldn't have been had you brought it personally.

B. D. (Ramsgate).—"Most fairy tales begin 'Once upon a time.'" Except those which begin, "I was detained at the office."

F. S. H. (Sunderland).—"Do you ever help your wife to prepare Sunday's dinner?" We occasionally unbutton the peas.

G. S. (Margate).—"I am going to shoot at his house in September." If you don't hit it you'll be a rotten shot.

T. F. (Ackworth).—"I couldn't get any puppy biscuits." What did you have then, bread and cheese?

L. S. (Stockton).—"I am not double-faced." Of course not. You wouldn't wear the one you do if you were.

M. A. (Wycombe).—"I am a self-made man." It must have been a dark night when you did it!

R. S. (Redcar).—"He threw the deck-chair into the sea." How silly! Fishes haven't anything to sit down with.

H. B. (Bury).—"The gardener is trying to cultivate a black rose." The blooming limit.

A. S. R. (Tottenham).—"The struggling artist married a rich wife." If she was rich, why did he struggle?

MRS. D. (Coventry).—"I am an advocate of clubs for women." We think the treatment too harsh even for the worst.

D. McL. (Aberdeen).—"I haven't bought a new hat for ten years." Afraid to make your face look shabby?

D. N. V. (Westgate).—"I stick to my pals for all they are worth." How much are they worth?

MRS. A. (Accrington).—"The chin is a sure guide to character." We fear you lead a double life.

W. R. (Ramsgate).—"I am a finished performer on the saxophone." Who smashed your instrument?

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"The canvas alone was worth more than he offered me for my picture." But, then, you see, the canvas was spoilt.

MRS. N. (Camberwell).—"I should have thought the last thing a person would do was to look for a gas leak with a candle." It generally is.

G. J. (Grimsby).—"It's terrible for a singer to know he has lost his voice." But more terrible for the audience when he doesn't know it.

R. R. (Daisyfield).—"If you have no doubt of my character why won't you see me?" Because we have no doubt of your character.

MRS. L. (Salford).—"When I was in London I thought it looked like rain." Couldn't you detect a faint flavour of milk?

T. T. (Brasted).—"No man need be led into temptation twice." After the first time he can usually find his own way.

P. P. A. (Appleby).—"No man with sense would write as you do." How do you know what a man with sense would do?

M. M. (Ilkley).—"It is a pleasure for husbands and wives to think alike." If only they can agree as to who shall think first.

H. H. N. (Yoxford).—"How can a man argue with a woman?" By remaining silent.

J. M. (Leeds).—"There is no lock on the hotel bathroom door." Sing, sonny, sing!

C. G. C. (Denbigh).—"I am simply at my wits' end." You haven't travelled far.

G. D. (Bacup).—"I've got the blues badly." Then read through this page and shoo 'em away gladly.

S. B. (Aysgarth).—"Do you suffer with rheumatism?" Well now, what else is it possible to do with rheumatism?

MRS. L. (Dimchurch).—"The doctor utterly forbids me to go on with my singing." Is he a near neighbour?

MISS A. (Apsley).—"I've always been willing to take advice." Then take ours and don't write.

S. M. C. (Poole).—"I am looking for a wife." Perhaps she's gone back to mother.

BESSIE (Swansea).—"I'm going to spend all my holiday bathing." Keep your powder dry!

MISS T. (Heswall-on-Dee).—"In speaking of mankind is woman included?" Man generally embraces woman.

MRS. B. L. (Lichfield).—"Is any man perfect?" Only the first husband of a widow married for the second time.

MRS. T. (Sandy).—"All British girls are flowerlike." They bloom and fade, and then dye.

JESSIE (Lucknow).—"He gave me a kiss that spoke volumes." Then we'll wager it wasn't a first imprint.

MRS. C. (Farnham).—"I am as well preserved as she is." Yet we'll guarantee neither of you are candid.

DICK (Raskelf).—"I can tell by looking in a girl's eyes what she thinks of me." How painful!

J. R. (Chester).—"I put on several pounds over my fortnight's holiday." Now put on £400 in a few minutes. (See page 31).

NESTA (Bournville).—"Doctors say crying is good for one's complexion." Always providing that one's complexion is one's complexion.

CONNIE (Nelson).—"I love to see wheat rising and falling in the breeze." It is certainly better than seeing it rise and fall on the Corn Exchange.

T. K. (Tadcaster).—"British aviators are breaking all records." They've overlooked the awful ones our neighbour is always playing.

C. A. (Altrincham).—"What, after all, is heredity?" What all parents believe in until their children act like darn fools.

E. F. (Canterbury).—"I was struck on the side of the head by a clod of earth thrown up by a golfer." That was a bit out of the common, wasn't it?

B. N. (Denby).—"I paint pictures to keep the wolf from the door." We've seen pictures that would drive a wolf from the door in hysterics.

E. J. (Bedworth).—"And there, between me and the quarry, was the yawning precipice." Did it yawn before you got there or after?

LAURENCE (Pudsey).—"What are the best papers for a boy who wants a good post as office-boy?" Death certificates of all four grandparents to safeguard his employer on Cup-tie days.

B. B. A. (Cardiff).—"Life is full of contradictions." True. Even the arms of Man consists of legs.

J. J. (Keswick).—"Why don't you push the Channel tunnel scheme?" It's far too big a bore.

P. D. (Doncaster).—"Looking for a wife is a serious mission." While marriage with her is a serious submission.

MRS. R. (Alton West).—"I once had a proposal of marriage from an idiot." Obviously he must have been.

L. B. (Sevenoaks).—"She was annoyed when I kissed her on the cheek." She probably thought it was out of place.

W. A. (Hertford).—"I suppose a lot of people owe you money." No; they only want to.

A. P. (Chertsey).—"Girls are not very successful cricketers." Nowadays there's too much leg before anything else.

L. E. (Mitcham).—"The tailor charged me an extra 5s. for my last suit." More material in the bay window, we suppose.

MRS. P. (Doncaster).—"I love all the joys of the open road." If you heard them being opened with electric drills you would change your mind.

E. C. (Thirsk).—"I have never put a farthing on a horse in my life." We can imagine the bookmaker's face if you tried to put a farthing on a horse.

T. N. (Ching).—"My hen laid a brown egg and a white egg last week." What did you expect? A couple of billiard balls, spot and plain?

For "high tea"

For afternoon tea or without tea— At meal time or between meals— They're always good—always easy to prepare Delicious sandwiches made with

SAILOR SAVOURIES

POTTED MEATS—FISH PASTES

Twelve tempting kinds

5½d 7½d 9½d

Made in the spotless kitchens of Angus Watson & Co. Ltd., The "Skippers" People.

BVR 182-240

BAD LEGS

View of National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, the only Institution in the world founded solely for the Treatment of Bad Legs.

A treatment which permanently heals bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it your leg is made well and strong without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse. These grand results are permanent and lasting. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT

The worst and most hopeless of cases yield to Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty, and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed, Tremol conquers. Seize your opportunity now. Get your leg soundly healed.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

Tremol Treatment

CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME

WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK

NO RESTING IS NECESSARY

YOU HAVE BETTER HEALTH

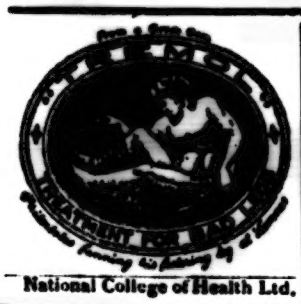
RESULTS ARE CERTAIN AND LASTING

A Large Illustrated Book, giving full particulars of this powerful Remedy, and a Legal Guarantee to cure, together with a Beautifully Illustrated Album of Coloured Plates, and a List of Cured Cases in your own district, will be sent to every sufferer. The publication teems with sound advice, and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary as only a limited number of copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS—You can cure yourself in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.X.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, describing your case, and THE BOOK, LEGAL GUARANTEE, BEAUTIFUL ALBUM, and LIST OF CURED CASES WILL BE SENT FREE.

In addition to this free offer to all who write, the National Infirmary will give free consultations to sufferers who call. Hours—10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each week day (Sundays excepted).

Post this Coupon to us to-day for Book and Free Advice, or call for Free Consultation.



National College of Health Ltd.

FREE COUPON

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS,
(Ward B.L.X.),
Gt. Clowes St., BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

Please send me your Valuable Book, Illustrated Album and Legal Guarantee and List of Cured Patients in my district. I enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.)

Address .....

.....

State Complaint .....

"The Greatest of These . . . ."

FALLEN *by the* WAYSIDE

A *Ghastly* Nightmare

COMPASSIONATE, tender-hearted people, like the good Samaritan, ready to help those who have fallen wounded by the wayside, will instinctively stretch out a helping hand to a pitiful wife and mother who writes:

"I am sadly in need of a lift by the wayside, and I have been wondering if you could give me a help up?

"This is my story: I have a family of five children. My husband has been very deaf for a good many years and cannot get employment. The eldest of my lads works in a cotton-mill, and after his stoppages he brings 15s. home.

"The next lad started work at the pit. He was doing very well up to last September when he was scalded on both legs. He was home six weeks, and I received nothing for him during that period. Since then, as the pits started to work short time, he has only worked two or three days.

"I went to the guardians, and they allowed my husband 10s. a week. I pay 7s. 2d. a week rent, and I have clubs, coal and gas, etc., to meet out of the remainder.

"I tried to manage with it until the lad at the pit had to be home a week at a time, and then the nightmare started proper. For about two months he has been bringing home 5s. or 8s., and now there is nothing. That leaves me 25s. to keep seven, and 7s. 2d. rent out of that.

"We have had a 3d. loaf and ¼ lb. margarine all day, and the eldest lad has been going to work with pleurisy, as he is afraid of getting stopped. After his working all day, I had no food to make him a meal, and one of the neighbours gave me some for him."

The vicar of their parish, returning from a visit to their house, describes it as a "poverty stricken home."

A family in such distress needs a good Samaritan to bind up its wounds and supply its needs.

Though the holiday season is a time when it is difficult to spare a subscription, we ask our readers to do their best to act as good Samaritans by helping "The Greatest of These—" Fund to heal the wounds that poverty inflicts on these our neighbours.

Every penny we receive is distributed. No deduction whatever is made for working expenses.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

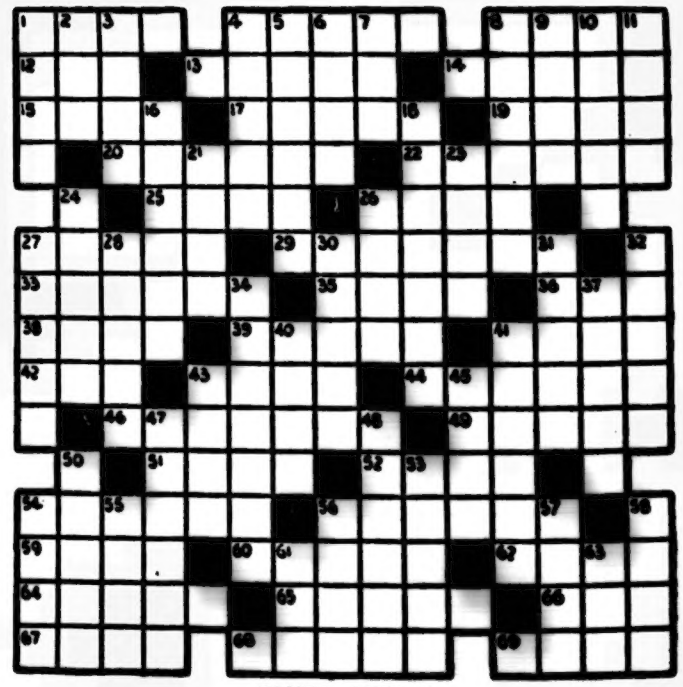
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

M. Nicol (Glasgow), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. A. McLean (Fort William), 10s.; A. K. F. (Redhill), 2s.; Mrs. C. Cundy (Southwark Park, S.E.16), 7s.; "On the North," 3d.; Mr. W. T. Jeffs (Small Heath, Birmingham), 6d.; Anon. (Leeds), 1s.; E. C. (Happerthorne), 2s. 6d.; "Sylvia" (Retford), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Leadbetter (Fleetwood), 2s.; E. H. (Oxton), 5s.; Mrs. W. Moore (Pyrland), 2s.; "A Ninth" (Coventry), 9d.; "The Human Motto" (Hornsey), 6d.; K. (Oxford), 3s. 6d.; "Grace" (Camden Town), 10s.; "Poor Mary" (Bedford), 6d.; "A Happy Mother" (Staines), 10s.; "I" 10s.; "Sympathy" (Portslade), 2s.; "A Widow," 1s.; "Jessie" (Melton Mowbray), 2s. 6d.; "Fairhope" (Launceston), 6s.; W. H. Fox, 2s.; Mrs. S. Fletcher (Skerton, Lancaster), 5s.; "May," 1s.; S. Cass (Thrumpton, Derby), 1s.; Mr. C. F. Grandy (Sheffield), 5s.; Anon. (Chiswick), 1s.; Mr. G. H. Town (Grosvenor Buildings, E.15), 2s. 6d.; E. L. Bennett (Peterborough), 10s.; Anon. (Blackpool), 2s. 6d.; Miss E. Watkins (Oxford), 2s. 6d.; "The Merry Crew," 8s.; Mr. F. Bristow (Leeds), 5s.; Mrs. W. Birch (Newark), 2s. 6d.; S. W. Epsom (South Norwood Hill), 6d.; Mrs. Grimer (Barnsley), 6d.; A. G. L. (New Barnet), 1s.; "Arrêt au Tiger" (S.E.15), 3s.; A Mother (Lerwick), 5s. 6d.; "For the Coming Baby," 2s.; "Heswall" (Birkenhead), 2s. 6d.; T. L. Skinner (Reading), £2 18s.; "A Poor Widow" (Leamington), 3s.; A.P.P., 2s. 6d.; "Psalm 46" (Bedworth), 2s. 6d.; "A Little to Help" (Northwich), 1s.; A. (Hucknall), 2s. 6d.; "Whitsuntide III." (Westgate-on-Sea), 1s.; L. Wootten (Cornhill), 6d.; Olive Knott, 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

Now TRY THIS *ONE*



CLUES ACROSS

1. Hearty.
4. Chaos.
8. Go by.
12. Dried grass.
13. Egyptian province.
14. Connected with violets.
15. Discordant.
17. Cash.
19. To brawl.
20. Complete.
22. Fertile
25. Edge.
26. Flat nail.
27. Exhibited.
29. Pointed attack.
33. Cylindrical.
35. Smack.
36. Went swiftly.
38. Behind.
39. A puzzle
41. Skin.
42. Skill.
43. Conflagration.
44. Courage.
46. Refined.
49. Poacher.
51. Nobleman.
52. Destruction.
54. Midday nap.
56. To annul.
59. A vegetable poison.
60. A hillock.
62. Secure.
64. To receive stolen goods.
65. Painful skin eruption.
66. Large cask.
67. Liberal.
68. Water animal.
69. Leaning.

CLUES DOWN

1. To beat.
2. Human organ.
3. Stringed instrument.
4. Damp.
5. Loved.
6. Weathercock.
7. Single item.
8. Military display.
9. Urchin.
10. Laugh.
11. Auction.
16. Reply.
18. End of a spar.
21. Shade.
23. Coarse fish.
24. To turn aside.
26. Bundle.
27. Wander.
28. Speak.
30. German Woolwich.
31. Entertain.
32. Bury.
34. Sarcastic saying.
37. Permit.
40. Spoken.
41. Dried plums.
43. Accomplishment.
45. Relating to the ear.
47. Tenant.
48. Catalogue.
50. Poisonous snake.
53. Below.
54. Foam.
55. Comfort.
56. System.
57. Slow
58. One hundred.
61. Not in.
63. Merriment.

The solution of our last word Puzzle will be found on page 2.

£400 ANOTHER BIG "BULLETS" FIRST!

2ND PRIZE £50

3RD PRIZE £25

100 PRIZES OF 10/-

500 OF 2/6

£900 IN MONEY PRIZES

THIS WEEK ONLY!

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 684.

FIRST PRIZE OF 500 GUINEAS:
Mr. W. LONGBOTTOM, 16, Richmond Terrace, Waterloo Street, Hull.
Example:—WHY RAILWAYS DON'T PAY
Bullet:—"HIGHWAY'S" PREFERRED TO "ROBBERY."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon)

SECOND PRIZE OF 50 GUINEAS:
Mrs. JONES, 44, Frank Street, Leicester.
Example:—TOO MANY LANDLORDS
Bullet:—LEAVE "REPAIRS" TO DOCTORS.

THIRD PRIZE OF 20 GUINEAS:
Mr. W. KNIGHT, 18, Police Quarters, Upnor, Rochester.
Example:—LIFE'S WEATHER
Bullet:—ALL "SUNSHINE"—VERY "DULL."

HOLIDAY PRIZE-WINNERS:

15 Ones:—C. HOPKINS, 111, Northbrook St., Belfast.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH POLICE—GETTING *That* "CONFESSION'S" DIFFICULT.

14 Ones:—F. P. BUTT, 7, Grove Rd., Wimborne.
WHY RAILWAYS DON'T PAY—RAILS HAVE BECOME "GROOVES."

13 Ones:—Mrs. N. SIMPKIN, c/o 4, Tyne Terrace, N. Shields.
LIFE'S WEATHER—*Red*—"BRINGS US OUT."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

12 Ones:—S. SALAMAN, 72, Oakley Square, London, N.W.1.
MARKED MAN—MEMBER—VOTED FOR *Electors*.

11 Ones:—A. LYSTER, 1/20, Brougham St., Loseils, Birmingham.
TOO MANY LANDLORDS—LET "HOLES" *Fill* POCKETS.

10 Ones:—B. T. DAVIES, 38, College Street, Ammanford, Carm.
MARKED MAN—BECAUSE *Hadn't* HIS "PRICE."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

9 Ones:—Mrs. F. COWELL, 69, College Drive, Whalley Range, Manchester.
LOST SHEEP—REFORMER *In* POLITICAL "FOLD."

8 Ones:—G. A. BARBER, 15, Birrell Road, Nottingham.
"TICKETS, PLEASE!"—ANNOUNCEMENT PASSENGERS *Can* UNDERSTAND.

7 Ones:—G. GILL, 24, Cleator Avenue, Blackpool.
TOO MANY LANDLORDS—"FIGHTING" TO AVOID "DECORATIONS."

6 Ones:—T. E. NAUGHTEN, 89, Wallasey Crescent, Ickenham, Middlesex.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH POLICE—PUTTING "CONVICTIONS" BEFORE PRINCIPLES.

10 Prizes of 5 Guineas:

E. W. BATCHELOR, 186, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.
LISTENING TO THE BAND—FATHER—THROUGH OPERA GLASSES.

G. BENNETT, 24, Glenthorne Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
CHARABANCS—INTRODUCED "'ARRY" TO "GARGE."

T. S. PEAKINS, 31, Hambrough Road, Southall.
PLEADING POVERTY—YET PERMITTING PRODIGALITY, CHANCELLOR.

M. GOODSON, 387, Manchester Road, Denton.
FOR A CHANGE—SEPARATE HOLIDAYS — NOW SEPARATED.

(Continued on page 2)

How To Make "Bullets."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent big Prize-winners were:—

Example:—WHY LOVE DIES
Bullet:—GENERALLY BECAUSE ASSUMED UNDYING.

Example:—APPROPRIATE
Bullet:—"BIG NOISE" ABOUT NOISE.

Example:—MAN IN THE DOCK
Bullet:—PICKPOCKET — PROFITEERS ON BENCH.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED. SEE RULE 2.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" 686.

THE NATION'S FUTURE
TOO SLOW
IN HIS KNAPSACK
TOO MUCH NOISE
OILING THE MACHINE
LIKE A HOLIDAY
SHADOWS
CLEVER DRIVER
A PICNIC
WORTH TRYING
GETTING THE BALL ROLLING
"IT ISN'T DONE"
COMING TO GRIEF
SHOOTING
ON THE OTHER SIDE
FRESH AIR
STANDARD OF LIVING
ON THE PLAYING-FIELDS
INEDIBLE
CHANGING SHAPE
NOT ASKED
COMING HOME
NEVER BEEN KISSED
READY TO KICK
PREPARING
STRANGE DEVICE
I'M GLAD I DIDN'T
LEAVING THE SHIP
PROUD SPIRIT
SOLITUDE
TRYING TO KEEP COOL
IS PARLIAMENT NECESSARY?

The original cheque for $1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" 682 will be displayed in the window of Mr. E. Hinsley, Mary Vale Road, Bournville, Birmingham.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 686, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 23.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(686) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 23.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(686) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Use Two, Three or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 23.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(686) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 23.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(686) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEXT WEEK'S HUGE OFFER

1,000 GUINEAS

"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE

FOR HEAT SPOTS & SUNBURN

Apply Germolene at night—the skin will seem be healed

Treat sunburn and heat spots as you would a burn or rash—with Germolene, the first thought of thousands in such cases. Remarkably soothing and rapid healing, it is famed particularly for its success in preventing disfiguring scars. Germolene is the safest skin-dressing you can use, because it is aseptic and germ-excluding. The Germolene treatment Booklet, free with every tin, tells you what to do whenever the skin is injured or out of order.

Buy a tin to-day for your holidays.

"Instant Relief."

"I am very pleased to write telling you of the good I found in Germolene. I was covered from head to foot with bloodrash; and went under special treatment for weeks. But nothing seemed to be any good, until I got one of your wonderful boxes of Germolene, that gave me instant relief. I cannot speak too highly of Germolene."—Mrs. E. Stevenson, 71, Vincent Street, Northwood, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP

Use it instead of ordinary soap if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will soon see a big improvement.

Germolene is the most effective treatment for

Eczema
Infectious rashes, scaly and sores. Rely on Germolene to relieve irritation and clear the skin.

Ulcers
abscesses and other ailments arising from blood impurities—take Germolets to cleanse the blood and apply Germolene — hundreds have testified to the success of this treatment.

Bad Leg
Germolene has scored many notable triumphs in the treatment of bad leg. Full directions are given in the little booklet included with every tin of Germolene.

Rashes
and Impetigo — every mother should prove the value of Germolene. It is also most efficacious in cases of ringworm.

Scalds
Smear with Germolene and all the smarting and the pain will subside and the danger of blood poisoning will be prevented.

Cuts
Safety first — apply Germolene. Many have had cause to regret neglect of a small cut or scratch.

Germolene
ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

Get your tin TO-DAY! 1/3 & 3/- per tin

WHY CICFA IS THE REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION

Indigestion occurs when there is disturbance of any of the long and intricate processes of digestion carried on throughout the whole length of the alimentary tract.

Acidity, one of the most distressing symptoms of indigestion, is caused solely by fermentation of undigested food. This acid fermentation of food can be prevented, and perfect digestion restored only by restoration of the natural Digestive Ferments.

CICFA restores the natural DIGESTIVE FERMENTS. Therefore, when Cicfa is taken fermentation with acidity steadily decreases, the albuminous foods are digested in the Stomach, and the digestion of the Starchy Foods farther along the alimentary tract rapidly improves, with gradual disappearance of Flatulence and Constipation. The nourishment from our various foods is extracted and assimilated, and waste products expelled.

Health and strength increase as a result of this cleansing of the alimentary tract.

Indigestion in Stomach & farther along the Alimentary Tract

- Sharp Neuralgic Headaches.
- Acid in Stomach with Heartburn.
- Tongue Coated in front.
- Complexion Blemishes.
- Appetite variable.
- Pains darting through Chest.
- Burning Spot Behind Left Shoulder-Blade.
- Dull Heavy Headaches.
- Acidity causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- Tongue Coated at back.
- Complexion Impaired.
- Eating disliked.
- Biliousness.
- Pain and Constipation.

The Cicfa Company, London. Morton House, Newmarket.

Dear Sirs,—I really must congratulate you upon your marvellous Cicfa, which as a remedy for Indigestion stands alone.

I have been a chronic sufferer for years, during which period I have tried practically everything obtainable, but beyond getting a little relief for an occasional hour or so, I experienced no appreciable results until I was advised by a friend to give your preparation a trial.

This I did, and the first 1/3 tube convinced me that I was in possession of something quite out of the ordinary. I continued the treatment and took in all five tubes, and I can safely say that I not only found relief, but permanent relief. I say permanent, because it is now seven weeks since I finished the fifth tube, and I have not had the slightest recurrence of any of the previous distressing symptoms, notwithstanding that I now eat food that would have been entirely out of the question three months ago. Cicfa has restored my health completely, and I cannot recommend it in a too emphatic manner. It is all you claim for it—and more.

Yours truly, HARRY McCALLA.

ONE YEAR LATER.

The Cicfa Company, London.

Dear Sirs,—Further to my letter of the 31st March last year praising the merits of your extraordinary Cicfa, I may add that although over a year has passed I have had no recurrence of the attacks of indigestion. Yours truly, HARRY McCALLA.

Take Cicfa when you change your diet, and during your holidays.

OVER 19,000 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you can confidently begin taking it at once.

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 & 3/-

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